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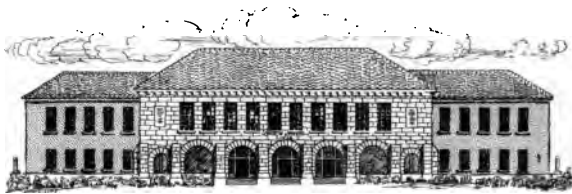


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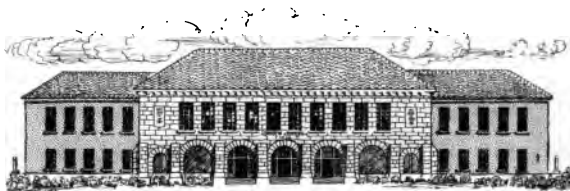
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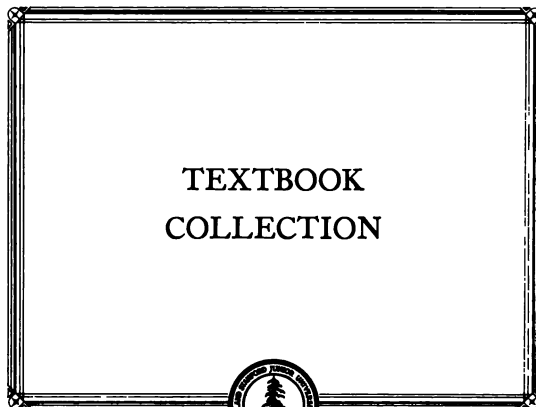
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THE GORDON READERS

FOURTH BOOK

BY

EMMA K. GORDON

AUTHOR OF "THE COMPREHENSIVE METHOD OF
TEACHING READING"

BOSTON, U.S.A.

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS

1910

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THE GORDON READERS

"First, learn to read; then, read to learn"

FIRST BOOK — For beginners.

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TO THE TEACHER

THE aim of this book, like that of the Third Book of the series, is to interest rather than to instruct. The fairy tales, folklore, and myths are presented as the imagination is active and the child delights in the wonderful. The poems, stories of other children's doings and pets, tales of industry, travel, and history appeal to the widening interests and awaken the sympathies.

In preparation for the reading of each selection, the teacher should read it over with care to find phonic facts upon which her pupils may need review. These facts should be included in the daily drill from the Phonic Charts. Extended drill upon a given fact may be had by sounding words illustrating the fact from the Word List of the Manual.

All problems of meaning should be solved before a selection is read.

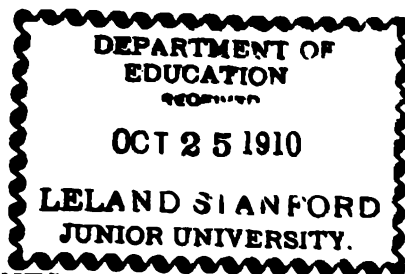
The new phonic facts presented in this book are :

Short *i* in endings ice, ile, ine, ise, ite, ive ; *y* like short *i* ; *y* like long *i* ; *i* like *ee* ; *i* like consonant *y* ; two vowels coming together but in different syllables.

Words illustrating these facts are found in sections of the Word List : 388, 389, 390, 392, 393, 394, 396.

For the convenience of the teacher, these section numbers are placed beside the words at the head of selections.

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FOURTH BOOK

| | | |
|--------------|-----------|-----------|
| immediately | immense | flexible |
| imagination | completed | Pinocchio |
| astonishment | beamed | puppet |

PINOCCHIO

I

THE WONDERFUL PUPPET

One day Master Antonio, an old carpenter, picked up a piece of wood that was lying in his shop. His face lighted up as he said to himself, "This wood will just do to make the leg of a little table."

He immediately took a sharp ax and began to chop away the bark. "Oh! oh! you have hurt me," cried a little voice.

Master Antonio was frightened. "Where can that little voice have come from? Is any one hid-

den inside this piece of wood?" He waited two minutes, but heard nothing more. "I see how it is," he said. "The little voice that said 'Oh! oh!' was all in my imagination."

He then took his plane to smooth and polish the piece of wood; but while he was running it up and down, he heard the same little voice say, laughing, "Stop! you are tickling me all over!"

This time poor Master Antonio was so frightened that he dropped the wood. Just then some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the carpenter.

A little old man walked into the shop. His name was Geppetto. "Good day, Master Antonio," said Geppetto. "I have come to ask a favor of you."

"What is it?"

"This morning I thought I would make a beautiful wooden puppet, one that should know how to dance and leap. With this puppet I should travel about the world to earn my bread.

I need a little wood to make my puppet ; will you give me some ? ”

Master Antonio immediately went to the bench, picked up the piece of wood that had given him so much trouble, and gave it to his friend. Geppetto thanked Master Antonio and carried the wood away.

As soon as he reached his own home, Geppetto said, “ I shall call my puppet Pinocchio.” He then took his tools and began to work.

He first made the hair, then the forehead, and then the eyes. When he had finished the eyes, they moved and looked at him. Geppetto was astonished. “ Wooden eyes,” he said, “ why do you look at me ? ”

There was no answer.

He then carved out the nose. No sooner had he made it than it began to grow. It grew, and grew, and grew, until in a few minutes it had become an immense nose that seemed as though it would never end. Geppetto cut it down again

and again; but the more he cut, the longer the nose became.

The mouth was not even completed when it began to laugh at him. "Stop laughing!" said Geppetto; but he might as well have spoken to the wall.

Geppetto pretended not to see. He carved the chin, then the throat, then the shoulders, the body, the arms, and the hands. The hands were scarcely finished when Geppetto felt his wig snatched from his head. He turned round and saw it in the puppet's hand.

When the legs and the feet were finished, he took the puppet under the arms and stood him on the floor to teach him to walk. Pinocchio's legs were stiff and he could not move, but Geppetto led him by the hand and showed him how to put one foot before the other.

When his legs became flexible, Pinocchio was soon able to walk by himself and began to run about the room. At last he went out of the house

door, jumped into the street, and ran away. Geppetto rushed after him, but was not able to overtake him.

“Stop him, stop him!” cried Geppetto; but the people, seeing a wooden puppet running like a race horse, stood still and laughed in astonishment.

At last Pinocchio was caught and handed to Geppetto, who led him home.

II

positive Romeo sardines mosquitoes

Sound words from Sections 302, 304, 306.

THE LAND OF TOYS

Pinocchio was a naughty little puppet. He was often sorry and he often promised to be good and to go to school and study, but he did not keep his word. He ran away from Geppetto many times, and had many strange adventures.

Once, when he was in great trouble, a Blue Fairy had pity on him. She saved him from his enemies and took him to live with her. At last

he tried so hard to be good that the Blue Fairy said she would change him into a *real* boy and give him a birthday party.

She got ready two hundred cups and saucers, and made four hundred sandwiches, buttered on both sides. Then she told him he might go and invite all his friends, but he must be sure to come home before dark. Now if he *only* had obeyed her; but — you shall see.

While Pinocchio was going from house to house inviting everybody he knew, he came upon the worst boy in the school, whose name was Romeo, sitting alone in a shed.

“What are you doing here?” asked Pinocchio.

“I am waiting for midnight. Then I am going away.”

“Where?”

“Oh — far away.”

“But where?”

“To the most beautiful land in the world, the Land of Toys. Will you come?”

“Not I.”

“You will be sorry if you don’t! There are no schools, no teachers, no books. It’s Saturday every day of the week except Sunday. Vacation begins January first and ends December thirty-first. That’s something like a country!”

“But what do you do all the time?”

“Oh, you play from morning until night. Wouldn’t you like to come?”

Pinocchio shook his head. “I promised the Blue Fairy to be home before dark. Are you going alone?”

“Oh, no, there will be a hundred of us.”

“Shall you have to walk there?”

“No, a carriage is coming for us. You had better wait and see.”

Pinocchio took two steps and then said, “I think I will wait and see you off.”

Presently, when it was quite dark, they saw a light moving and heard the tooting of little horns that sounded almost like mosquitoes.

The carriage came up without the slightest noise, because the wheels were wound with tow. It was drawn by twelve pairs of little donkeys, all of the same size. Some were brown, some were like pepper-and-salt, others striped yellow and blue; and they all wore little white kid boots.

The carriage was full of boys from eight to twelve years old, packed away like sardines.

As the carriage stopped, the driver said to Romeo, "Are you coming with us? There's no room inside."

"I will sit up with you," said Romeo.

"And what about your friend?"

Then Pinocchio felt as if somebody were pulling him by the sleeve. "I could ride one of the donkeys," he said.

Two or three times he tried to mount, but the donkey kicked and threw him off.

The driver leaned forward and whispered something to the nearest donkey and after that Pinocchio had no more trouble.



"It was drawn by twelve pairs of donkeys"

Just as the carriage started, however, he heard a voice say, "You'll be sorry!"

After they had gone a mile or two along the dark road, he heard again the same voice saying, "You'll come to a sad end!"

And when they had gone still further, the voice said a third time, "Some day you'll be crying, just as I am."

He leaned forward and saw that great tears were rolling down the donkey's cheeks as he trotted along.

Just at sunrise they reached the Land of Toys.

This country was not like any other in the world. All the people were boys between the ages of eight and fourteen. They were all over the streets, blowing trumpets, running, playing marbles, shinny, and ball, riding bicycles and wooden horses. Some were busy with tag or hide-and-seek. Some were jumping over benches, others walking on their heads. They were making every kind of noise in the world, singing,

laughing, shouting, whistling, cackling. If you had been there, I think you would have put cotton in your ears.

As soon as the carriage stopped, the new boys tumbled out and began to play with the others.

“What a good time we are having!” said Pinocchio.

“Was I not right?” answered Romeo. “To think that you ever dreamed of going back to the Blue Fairy to study! You should thank me for saving you from school and all its troubles.”

For five months they played in that land without opening a book. Then one day when Pinocchio got up, he had a queer feeling about his ears. He put up his hand; then he emptied some water into the basin and looked at himself in it. His ears were almost as long as those of a donkey, and even while he looked, they began to be furry.

He cried so hard and so loud that a dormouse who lived on the first floor came up to see what was the matter.

“Oh, dormouse,” said Pinocchio, “I am very ill. I am afraid I am going to have a fever.”

“So you are,” said the dormouse, “the donkey fever.”

“But what shall I do ?”

“There is nothing to do,” said the dormouse. “Perhaps you never thought about it, but it’s one of the laws of the world that boys who will not study become little donkeys.”

Poor Pinocchio was ashamed to go out into the street with his long ears, so he made a dunce cap and pulled it well over his ears. Then he went to Romeo’s room and found his friend wearing a cap like his.

“Why do you wear that cap ?” he asked.

“Oh, the doctor ordered it because my knee hurts. Why do you wear one ?”

“I have a sore foot.”

They looked at each other a moment, then Pinocchio said, “Let’s take them off together. One, two, three.”

When they saw each other's donkey ears, they could not help laughing. They laughed and laughed, until at last Romeo said, "Oh, dear me! I can't stand up any longer!"

"Nor can I," said Pinocchio.

They dropped on all fours and began to run about the room. Every moment they grew more like little donkeys until at last you would not have known that they had ever been anything else. When they tried to talk or even to cry, they could not say anything but "Y — a, y — a."

Presently there came a knock on the door. Outside stood the driver who had brought them to the Land of Toys.

The two little donkeys stood with their heads down, their ears lowered, and their tails between their legs.

— CARLO LORENZINI (*Adapted*).

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest. — SHAKESPEARE.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN

Grasshopper green is a comical chap;

He lives on the best of fare.

Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,

These are his summer wear.

Out in the meadow he loves to go,

Playing away in the sun;

It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,

Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper green has a quaint little house;

It's under the hedge so gay.

Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,

Watches him over the way.

Gladly he's calling the children, I know,

Out in the beautiful sun;

It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,

Summer's the time for fun.

It takes two to tell a lie, — one to speak, and
another to listen.

gentle

portion

parch

selfish

calm

shrivel

Sound words from Sections 328, 383.

SUN, MOON, AND WIND

One day Sun, Moon, and Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, Thunder and Lightning. Their mother, a far-away star, waited alone in the sky for their return.

Both Sun and Wind were greedy and selfish. They' enjoyed their fine dinner without a thought of saving any of it for their mother.

But the gentle Moon did not forget her. From every dish that was brought she saved a small portion that Star might also have a share.

Their mother kept watch for them all night long with her little bright eye. On their return, she said, "Well, children, what have you brought for me?"

Sun said, "I have brought nothing home. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends."

Wind said, "I have not brought anything home

for you, mother. You could hardly expect me to do so when I went out for my own pleasure."

But Moon said, "Mother, fetch a plate, and see what I have brought you." Shaking her hands, she showered down a choice dinner.

Then Star said to Sun, "Because you feasted and enjoyed yourself without any thought of your mother at home, you shall be punished. Your rays shall always be hot and scorching. They shall burn all that they touch. Men shall cover their heads when you appear."

That is why the sun is so hot to this day.

Then she turned to Wind, and said, "You also shall be punished because you forgot your mother in your selfish pleasures. You shall always blow in the dry, hot weather and shall parch and shrivel all living things. Men shall dread you and shrink from you from this time."

That is why the dry wind of hot weather is so unpleasant.

But to Moon she said, "Daughter, because you

remembered your mother and kept a share of your enjoyment for her, you shall be blessed. From this time you shall be ever cool and calm. No hurtful glare shall come from your rays, and men shall always rejoice in your light."

That is why the moon's light is so soft and cool and beautiful.

— *Indian Fairy Tale (Adapted).*

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

examining
impression

gigantic
promised

examined
determined

Sound words from Sections 328 b, 329, 394.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE

A poor fisherman threw his net into the sea. It was so heavy when he drew it out, that he felt sure he had taken a large catch of fish. To his disappointment, he found the net filled with stones and mud. He threw it again and again, but each time it came up filled as it had been before.

He cast the net a fourth time into the sea. This time he was sure he had caught a great quantity of fish for he drew the net in with great difficulty. But on examining it he found no fish. It held a heavy vase of yellow copper. The mouth of the vase was closed with lead on which there was the impression of a seal.

The fisherman examined the vase on all sides. The seal on the cover made him think that it must hold something of value. He shook it, but could hear nothing. He took out his knife and



The Fisherman and the Genie

opened it. Then he turned the vase upside down ; but, to his surprise, nothing came out.

He set it down before him and stood at a little distance. While he was wondering about it, a thick smoke came up out of the vase. The smoke rose almost to the clouds, and spread over the water and the shore like a thick fog. When it had all come out, it collected, became solid, and took the shape of a genie of gigantic size. The fisherman was astonished to see this wonder.

The genie looked at the fisherman fiercely and roared, "Prepare to die, for I shall kill thee."

"Alas!" the man cried, "have pity. Remember that I gave you liberty."

"I remember," said the genie, "but that shall not keep me from putting you to death."

"Since you are determined to kill me, I must submit," said the man ; "but before I die will you answer truly one question ?"

"Ask what you will," said the giant, "I will answer truly."

“Tell me,” said the fisherman, “were you really in that vase ! It is not large enough to hold one of your feet. How then could it hold your whole body ! ”

“I was in the vase,” answered the genie. “Do you not believe it ! ”

“No, I shall not believe it unless I see it.”

At once the giant began to change into smoke that floated, as before, over sea and shore. Soon the smoke began to enter the vase, and continued to do so until it had entirely disappeared. Then the fisherman quickly caught up the leaden cover and fastened it on the vase.

The giant begged the man to pity him. He promised to make him rich if he would open the vase again. But the fisherman would not listen. “I should deserve to lose my life if I did so,” he said. “I shall throw you into the sea, and I shall warn all who throw their nets in these waters not to fish up such an evil genie as you are.”

— *Arabian Nights.*

albatross noticed magnificent attentively

Sound words from Section 394.

HOW JACK WENT TO FAIRYLAND

I

A boy was once going through a meadow that was full of buttercups. The nurse and his baby sister were with him. When they came to an old hawthorn that grew in the hedge and was covered with blossoms, they all sat down in its shade. The nurse took out three slices of plum cake, gave one to each of the children, and kept one for herself.

While the boy was eating, he noticed that there was a great hollow in the trunk of the old thorn tree. He heard a twittering as if there were a nest inside, so he thrust his head in, twisted himself round, and looked up.

It was a very great thorn tree and the hollow was so large that two or three boys could have stood upright in it. When he got used to the dim light in that brown, still place, he saw, a

good way above his head, a nest made of fine white wool and delicate bits of moss.

Just then he thought he heard some little voices cry, "Jack! Jack!" His baby sister was asleep, and the nurse was reading a storybook, so it could not have been either of them who called.

"I must get in here," said the boy. "I wish this hole were larger." So he began to wriggle and twist himself through, and, as the hollow was rather rough, he managed to climb up and look into the nest.

His eyes were not yet used to the dim light, but he was sure those little things were not birds — no. He poked them and they took no notice. But when he took one of them out of the nest, it gave a loud squeak, and said, "Oh, don't, Jack!" as plainly as possible.

Jack was so frightened that he lost his footing, dropped the nestling, and slipped down himself. Luckily he was not hurt, nor the little creature

either. He could see it quite plainly now; it was creeping about like rather an old baby, and had on a little frock and pinafore.

“It’s a fairy,” said Jack to himself. “How curious! and this must be a fairy’s nest.”

He was very much astonished, but he went on eating his cake, and was so delighted to see the young fairy climb up the side of the hollow and scramble again into her nest that he laughed heartily. When he laughed, all the nestlings popped up their heads, and showing their pretty white teeth, pointed at the slice of cake.

“Well,” said Jack, “your mouths are very small, so you shall have a piece.” And he broke off a small piece, and put it into the nest.

The young fairies were a long time dividing and munching the cake. Before they had finished, it began to be rather dark. The wind rose and rocked the boughs and made the old tree creak and tremble. Then there was thunder and rain, and the little fairies were so frightened that

they got out of the nest and crept into Jack's pockets. One got into each pocket of his blouse, and the other two were very comfortable, for he took out his handkerchief and made room for them in the pocket of his jacket.

II

It grew darker and darker, and at last Jack saw a thin crescent moon shining through a little hole in the tree, high up over the nest.

"I am sure it cannot be night yet," he said, and he took out one of the fattest of the young fairies, and held it up toward the hole.

"Look at that," said he. "What is to be done now? It's night up there, and down here I haven't finished eating my lunch."

"Well," answered the young fairy, "then why don't you whistle?"

Jack was surprised to hear her speak in this sensible manner, and in the light of the moon he looked at her very attentively.

"When I first saw you in the nest," said he,

“you had a pinafore on, and now you have a little apron with lace around it.”

“That is because I am much older now,” said the fairy. “My pinafore has turned into an apron, just as your velvet jacket will turn into a tail coat when you are old enough.”

“It won’t,” said Jack.

“Yes, it will,” answered the fairy. “Put me into your pocket again and whistle as loudly as you can.”

Jack laughed. He put her into his pocket and pulled out another fairy. “Worse and worse,” he said; “why, this was a boy fairy, and now he has a mustache and a sword, and looks as fierce as possible.”

“I think I heard my sister tell you to whistle,” said this fairy, very sternly.

“Yes, she did,” said Jack. “Well, I suppose I had better do it.” So he whistled loudly.

“Why did you leave off so soon?” said another fairy, peeping out.

"If you wish to know," answered Jack, "it was because I thought something took hold of my legs."

"Ridiculous child!" said the fourth fairy. "How do you think you are ever to get out, if she doesn't take hold of your legs?"

Jack felt something take hold of his legs again and give him a jerk that hoisted him upon some creature's back. He wondered whether it was a pony; but he observed that it was covered with feathers. It was a large bird. He found that they were rising toward the hole. Presently the bird dashed through the hole with Jack on her back and all the fairies in his pockets.

It was so dark that he could see nothing, but the bird told him not to be afraid, and said she hoped he was comfortable.

"I should be more comfortable," replied Jack, "if I knew how I could get home again. Papa and mamma will be frightened if I never do."

"Oh, no," replied the albatross (for she was an

albatross), "you need not be at all afraid about that. When boys go to Fairyland their parents never are uneasy about them."

"And so we are going to Fairyland!" cried Jack. "How delightful!"

"Yes," said the albatross, "these young fairies want to go, and you and I are taking them."

"They seem to be fast asleep," said Jack.

"They snore," replied the albatross. "Before they wake, I should like to talk to you. My name is Jenny. Do you think you can remember that? When you are in Fairyland and want some one to take you home again, call 'Jenny.' I will come with pleasure."

"Thank you," said Jack. "Oh, yes, I shall remember your name; it is such an easy one. Isn't that the sea under us?"

"Yes, that is the sea," answered the albatross. "Don't you notice that it is covered with many ships?"

Now she dropped down among the vessels,



Jack and the Albatross

making choice of one to take Jack and the fairies up a wonderful river.

She sat Jack down in a beautiful little open boat, perched herself on the bench and faced him.

“Are those fairies awake yet?”

“No, they are not,” said Jack; and he took them out of his pockets and laid them down in a row.

“They are certainly asleep,” said the albatross. “Put them away again and take great care of them. When you are hungry, lie down and go to sleep. You will dream of a roasted fowl and an apple pie. Don’t eat too much in your dream. That is all. Good-by. I must go.”

Jack put his arms around her neck and hugged her. Then she spread her magnificent wings and sailed slowly away. At first he felt very lonely, but in a few minutes he forgot that, because the little boat began to swim fast up the wonderful river to Fairyland.

— JEAN INGELOW (*Adapted*).

| | | |
|---------------|--------|----------|
| Japanese | thatch | dragons |
| chrysanthemum | bamboo | sections |

IN JAPAN

Japanese houses are small and low—almost like doll houses. The roofs are thatched with grass or straw. Dirt and dust collect on the thatch, and seeds lodge there and grow. Sometimes vines are planted there. The clusters of bright flowers make these roof gardens look very pretty.

There are no glass windows and no doors that open and shut in Japanese houses. The walls are made of stiff paper stretched over frames of bamboo that slide in grooves. When any one wishes to enter the house, he pushes the wall aside and steps in. On warm days, all the walls can be pushed back so that the house may be wide open to the cool breezes.

No one enters a Japanese house with his shoes on; they are taken off and left outside. It would never do to walk with shoes on the beautiful white mats that cover the floor. There are no

chairs, no beds, no stoves, no dining tables where the family may sit at dinner, in the house. The thick white mats serve as chairs. The people sit on them with their feet tucked under.

When dinner time comes, the servant brings in tiny tables about a foot high. She places a table before each person as he sits upon the mat. Then she serves the dinner of soup, salad, fish, rice, vegetables, and many dishes that would seem very strange to us. It would seem strange also to eat with chopsticks as the Japanese do.

Where are the bedrooms and the beds? The maid brings in some padded quilts, spreads them on a mat, places a little block of wood at one end for a pillow, and the bed is ready. If more than one bedroom is needed, she slides the paper-covered screens about to make different rooms. In the morning the screens will all be pushed back and the bedrooms will disappear.

The Japanese are very fond of flowers. Many little girls are named from flowers. "Little Miss



In a Japanese House

Kiku" means "Little Miss Chrysanthemum," "O Haru" is "Miss Springtime." Are not these pretty names? Chrysanthemums, peonies, and lilies bloom in the gardens, but better than garden flowers they like tree flowers. At the feast of the Cherry Blossoms, every one walks out to admire the beautiful pink and white flowers. They have lunch under the trees, and the children

play games amid the showers of rosy petals. Then all who are old enough write a little verse of thanks for the pleasure they have had, and tie it to a branch.

When their New Year comes, fathers and grandfathers as well as little boys fly kites. Wonderful kites these are, of all shapes and sizes. Some are like great birds, others are painted to look like fierce dragons. All the boys like the humming kite, for it makes music as it flies.

The people of Japan would not know what to do without bamboo. This is a kind of reed that grows very stout and very tall. The round stalks are hollow and very hard. They are used for posts and frames of houses. Bridges and fences are built of bamboo. Waterpipes, furniture, umbrellas, baskets, fans, hats, and many other things are made of it. Each bamboo stalk grows in joints or sections. By sawing the stalks in pieces just below the joints, cups are made. The young shoots of bamboo are very tender and good to eat.

If you could go to Japan, you would see many

other curious customs and things. I think that you would see, also, boys and girls having a good time at play without ever an angry word or quarrel to spoil the fun. The children of Japan are taught to be polite at all times.

| | | |
|---------|---------|--------|
| bamboo | glaring | coiled |
| veranda | gaped | cruel |

Sound words from Section 371.

LADY SPARROW

I

Long, long ago in Japan there lived a kind-hearted, hard-working old man who had a cross-patch for a wife. She grumbled about one thing or another from morning until night.

All day the old man worked in the fields. When he came home, his only joy in life was his tame sparrow that he loved almost as a child.

He used to open the door of her cage and let her fly about the room. Then he would talk to

her and play with her and teach her tricks. He always saved tit-bits for her from his meals.

One day when the old woman was washing clothes, she went to look for some starch that she had left in a bowl the day before. But now the bowl was quite empty.

While she was wondering about it, down flew the pet sparrow, and bowing her little feathered head as she had been taught to do by her master, she chirped, "I took the starch. I thought it was food left for me, and I ate it all. If I was wrong, please forgive me! Tweet, tweet, tweet!"

The old woman had never liked the sparrow, and now she was glad to have an excuse for abusing the poor little bird. Instead of being pleased because the sparrow had spoken the truth and asked pardon so nicely, she flew into a rage.

While the little thing stood bowing and spreading her wings to show how sorry she was, the old woman struck her and then drove her away, without caring what happened to her.

When the old man came home, there was no sparrow flying and chirping to meet him, ruffling out her feathers and at last settling on his shoulder. He called out anxiously to his wife, "Where is my Lady Sparrow to-day?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I haven't seen her all the afternoon. I shouldn't wonder if the ungrateful bird had flown away, after all your petting."

But he knew that this could not be true, and he gave her no peace until she had told him the whole story.

"How could you be so cruel! Oh, how could you be so cruel!" was all he could answer. He could not sleep that night for thinking about it.

II

Early in the morning he set out through the woods to see whether he could find his little bird. All the way he cried, "Where, oh, where is my little Lady Sparrow?"

Late in the afternoon he came to a grove of bamboos, such as sparrows love, and in the edge

of it he saw his own dear sparrow waiting to welcome him. She bowed her little head and did all the pretty tricks he had taught her to show how glad she was to see him.

When he told her how sorry he was for what had happened, she told him that she was quite happy now, and that he must not think any more about the past. Then he forgot how tired and troubled he had been, for he knew that his sparrow was no common bird, but a fairy.

She asked him to follow her and led him to a beautiful little house in the heart of the grove. It was built of the whitest wood. It had cream-colored mats for carpets, and the cushions on which the old man was asked to sit were all of silk.

Lady Sparrow ordered her servants to bring in two boxes, one large and one small. She asked the old man to choose one as a present from her.

"I am too old and feeble to carry the big, heavy box," said he. "As you are so kind, I will take the smaller one."



Lady Sparrow and her Friend

Then the sparrows all helped him to put it on his back, and went to the gate to see him off. With many bows, they said good-by and asked him to come back whenever he could.

When he reached home, he found his wife even crosser than usual, as she had been sitting up for him a long time.

“Where have you been so long?” she cried in an angry voice. “Why are you so late?”

To make peace with her, he told her all that had happened and began to open the box.

It was full of the most beautiful gold and silver things. The mats of the little cottage fairly glittered with treasures. The old man was glad to think that he never would be poor again all his life. He kept saying over and over again, “Thanks to my good little Lady Sparrow! Thanks to my good little Lady Sparrow!”

But the old woman, as soon as her surprise was over, grumbled because he had not brought home the larger box. She called him hard names

because they might just as well have had twice as much, and went to bed as angry as she could be.

III

Early the next morning she made her husband tell her the way to Lady Sparrow's house. He begged her not to go, but she would not listen to a word he said.

After some hours of walking, she found the little house in the bamboo grove and knocked loudly at the door.

Lady Sparrow was surprised that the old woman should visit her after what had taken place, but she was a polite bird and went at once to the door to greet her old mistress.

The old woman went straight to the point, "You need not trouble to invite me in as you did my husband. I have only come for the big box he so stupidly left behind."

Lady Sparrow at once told her servants to bring it. The old woman hoisted it on her back and hurried away without a word of thanks.

The box was so heavy that she had often to stop and rest by the way. At last she could not wait longer to see what was in it; so she sat down by the side of the road and carefully opened the box.

Instead of gold and silver, it was full of horrible monsters that bounded out at her. Never in her dreams had she seen such awful creatures. One had a glaring eye in the middle of his forehead, another gaped as though he would swallow her whole.

The old woman had never been so frightened in her life. She ran as fast as her quaking legs would carry her, and never stopped until she reached home.

From that day on, she was changed, and by degrees became such a good old woman that her husband scarcely knew her for the same person. They spent their last days happily together, living on the treasure that the old man had from his pet, Lady Sparrow.

—LEI THEODORA OZAKI (*Adapted*).



THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roofs so brown;
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

enormous hesitated protect flavor

TOO BAD

I

“It’s too bad,” said Judy.

Perhaps nurse had told her to walk more quickly, or her shoe hurt, or her hat elastic was too loose and her hat came flopping down on her face. Whatever it was, it was “too bad.”

Judy was returning home from a long walk with nurse and the little ones. As they passed a cottage door, she saw a little girl about her own age, staring at her.

“What are you staring at?” said Judy. “It’s too bad of you! You are rude!”

The little girl stared harder than before, and answered, growing red, “I didn’t mean to be rude. I was just wondering how you could help being happy, when you have everything so nice.”

“Who said I wasn’t happy?” asked Judy.

“You said something was too bad,” answered

the child. "Oh, wouldn't I like to change with you! Nothing would ever be too bad for me."

"You don't know," said Judy. "I have a great many troubles. You are far happier than I. You don't have to keep your frocks clean and your feet dry and all those horrible things. You could never understand my troubles!"

A voice from within the cottage called, "Betsy, my girl, what are you doing? Father'll be in soon, and you must get the supper."

As the little girl ran away, Judy thought, "How nice it must be to get the supper for her father. I should like to do that. I only wish —"

"What did you say you wished?" said a voice that seemed to come out of the hedge.

"I didn't know I spoke aloud," said Judy.

The person whose voice she heard was a little old woman in a scarlet cloak, with a market basket on her arm. Judy felt a little frightened, she did not know why.

"Well, I can tell you what you were wishing

just now, anyway," said the old woman. "So you really think you would like to be Betsy for a change! Look here." As she spoke she took a big apple from her basket. "Put this in your pocket, and when you are in bed to-night, if you still want to be Betsy, take a bite of the apple before you go to sleep. In the morning you shall see what you shall see."

Judy hesitated to take the gift. "Thank you very much," she said. "But — must I always be Betsy if I try being her?"

"Bless you, child!" laughed the old woman. "No, keep the apple; and when you've had enough of being Betsy, take another bite. After that the apple can do no more for you."

"Oh, how nice it will be not to have nurse ordering me about all day long and not to have to be careful about waking baby, or soiling my frock, or doing lessons —"

"I'm glad you're pleased," said the old woman. "Good-by."



Judy and the Fairy

When Judy tried to thank her again, there was nobody in the road ; even nurse and the other children were out of sight.

By the time Judy reached home, it was nearly dark ; and nurse, who had been afraid she was lost, scolded her for staying out so long.

“It’s too bad,” said Judy, “really it is, that I should never be allowed to do the least thing without being scolded !” She began to throw her things about the nursery in a way that was not at all nice.

All that evening she grumbled. She did not like her supper. She was cross to the younger children, and she would not help to amuse them. Everything was “too bad.” She grumbled at her nice warm bath ; she grumbled when her hair was combed ; she grumbled at having to go to bed. She grumbled at everything and everybody, herself included, for she had decided that she would not be herself any longer.

No sooner had the nurse left the room than she

took a big bite of the apple, which she had managed to hide under her pillow. Then, half frightened at what she had done, she fell asleep.

II

“Betsy girl, it’s time you were stirring. Up with you, child!” —

Whose voice was that, waking her in the middle of the night? Judy would have been cross but she was too sleepy. She supposed she must have been dreaming and was just dozing off again when again she heard some one call :

“Betsy, wake up! What’s the matter with you this morning?” This was followed by a great thump on the wall. “Up with you, child. Baby’s been so cross, I haven’t had a wink of sleep all night.”

Then Judy remembered. She was not herself; she was Betsy.

“I’m coming,” she called timidly. But she lay still, listening to the clatter of pots and pans in the kitchen.

It was almost dark in the room. Judy wanted a candle but she was afraid to call for one. She got out of bed and began to dress by the light that came in through the one little window. It was not really a room that she had been sleeping in, but only a tiny shed at one side of the kitchen, barely large enough for a rickety little bedstead and one chair. On the chair stood a cracked wash-basin and pitcher and a tiny bit of looking-glass without a frame.

Judy hated to put on the clothes that lay by the bed. They were clean and carefully mended, but so coarse and different from her own. At last she was dressed, but she would not wash. It was really too cold; and besides she could not find any soap or sponges or towels.

"I don't care," she said. "I shall not have to do lessons or keep my frocks clean. But my hair was much nicer than Betsy's; and her hands are all brown, with crooked nails. I wonder if Betsy's mother will cut them for me?"

"Betsy, what is the matter with you this morning? I shall be cross with you soon. Father will be coming in for his breakfast, and you haven't helped me at all."

"I'm coming," said Judy.

In the kitchen she found Betsy's mother with the smallest baby on her knee. She was trying to button the frock of a child of three who wouldn't stand still.

"You must dress Jack," she said.

Judy tried willingly enough but she found it less easy to do than she had expected.

"Your fingers seem to be all thumbs this morning," said Betsy's mother, crossly. "You haven't swept the room or made the fire or anything. Go and fetch water now to fill the kettle."

It was hard work lifting the heavy kettle, but Judy managed to carry it to the pump outside the door. There, try as she would, she could not get any water to come. She had always thought pumping must be such nice easy work, but now

she was almost ready to cry over it when Betsy's father came and helped her.

"I can't think what has happened to Betsy this morning," said the mother. "She is as lazy as can be!"

Judy was so ashamed that she could hardly eat her porridge. Besides, although the porridge itself was all right, she missed the table-cloth and the silver spoons and the pretty nursery. It was all so different from the rough board table, the pewter spoons, and the crying babies.

Still she felt very sorry for Betsy's mother when she saw how patient and cheerful she was. She began to wonder whether other people did not sometimes find things "too bad."

Breakfast over, her troubles began again. It was washing day, and she had to help at the tubs. She found that real washing was very different from doing up dolls' clothes in a basin, with nurse to clear away the mess when she was tired.

Judy's arms ached and her head ached. She

felt all steamy and hot and tired when she was told to take the two youngest children for a walk while mother got the dinner.

The babies were very cross, and when Judy brought them back she was almost ready to drop. She would have liked to wash her face and hands and brush her hair, although at home she always grumbled about doing it. But there was no time.

Dinner was on the table—just potatoes with salt and a little dripping to flavor them. Judy was so hungry that she was glad to eat, though she would have liked a little pudding.

In the afternoon she thought she would have a nice long walk; but instead she had to sit down and darn stockings. After a quarter of an hour she grew very tired of it.

Then she looked about for amusement. Judy could find nothing to play with. She would have liked to read, but she found no stories, only a few big books that looked very dull. The afternoon was very long.

At last Betsy's mother called to her to get father's supper ready, and take it to him, as he would not be home until late.

"It's raining," said Judy.

"Well, what of it?" said Betsy's mother. "Father and the boys can't go hungry for that reason."

It was a long two miles through the rain, with nothing to protect her but an old cloak of Betsy's; but Judy managed to carry the tin pails safely to the farm.

On the way back, a sharp stone cut her foot so that she could scarcely walk. At last she sat down under the hedge and burst into tears.

"So you aren't so altogether pleased after all, Miss Judy?" said a voice.

Judy looked up and saw the little old woman in the scarlet cloak.

"You don't like Betsy's shoes as well as your own? How would you like to be yourself again?"

“Oh, may I?” cried Judy, springing to her feet. “May I go home for tea?”

“No,” said the little old woman. “You must go back to Betsy’s mother and finish your day’s work. But when you go to bed to-night take another bite of your apple.”

She disappeared before Judy could thank her. So Judy trudged away through the rain, trying to forget the pain of her foot. She did her best, in spite of the scolding of Betsy’s mother and the crying of the babies.

At last she was allowed to go to bed. She took a great bite of her apple and fell asleep.

In the morning when she awakened in her own little bed at home and found that she was really herself, it seemed too good to be true. So after that day whenever the words “too bad” came to her lips, she held them back, remembering how much worse it had been to be Betsy.

—MARY L. MOLESWORTH (*Abridged*).



AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Sound words from
Section 389.

| | | |
|-------|--------|----------|
| lye | liquid | directed |
| bored | refuse | ropy |

SOAP-MAKING

A Story of Grandmother's Days

"Spring has really come and we must make the soap at once," sighed Goodwife Howland. "The grease will be softening and the meat scraps are thawing. Jonathan, you and William may as well make the lye to-morrow."

"Make the lye!" Little Richard heard it with a start. He was only five and he knew of just one kind of lie — and that kind, he had been taught, people ought not to make.

"What can she mean?" puzzled Richard, beginning to watch very carefully to see what his big brothers would do.

When Jonathan and William were ready to make the lye, Jonathan rolled out two barrels, each with a hole bored in the bottom. Into each barrel he put a layer of clean, fresh straw, and

with William's help filled each with wood ashes. Then they lifted the barrels to a high bench that stood by the shed door, taking care that the holes were just above two large empty buckets.

When the barrels and buckets were in place, Jonathan and William poured water over the ashes until at last the water began to drip into the buckets below.

"Pretty dirty looking stuff!" thought Richard, as he stepped up to have a better view of the water in the buckets.

"Look out, child!" called Jonathan. "Do not touch the lye unless you want to lose the skin from your fingers."

So it was lye which the buckets held! Nothing but water that had run through wood ashes! Well, he was glad to learn.

Next morning Jonathan began work by building a fire under the huge set kettle in the back kitchen and by pouring the lye into the kettle.

His mother brought the frozen meat scraps and

the waste grease that had been saved during the winter. These she put into the lye.

Such a dirty kettleful as it was! Richard fairly laughed to himself. That make soap? The



Soap-Making

idea! Why, he would not have to use any soap all next year, for there would not be any.

"The skimmer, Richard," directed his mother. The kettleful of lye and grease was bubbling briskly. When Richard brought the skimmer,

Goodwife Howland began to take off all the refuse which rose to the top.

After a time, the liquid grew thick as molasses. Richard thought, as he watched it boil, that perhaps after all he would have to wash his hands. The thick ropy mixture was coming to look very much like the soap he had used last year.

Pff ! pff ! pff ! Blob ! blob ! It boiled as you have seen molasses candy boil. At last his mother said, "The soap is made!"

When the soap was cold, it was still a thick brown jelly; but that was just what Goodwife Howland expected, for the only kind of soap she ever made for her family was what is called soft soap. It was not a bit like the hard white soap you like to use when you wash your hands, but it was very good soap ; and Richard Howland could get his busy little hands just as clean as if he had used the prettiest, sweetest-smelling cake of hard soap that ever was made.

— GERTRUDE L. STONE and M. GRACE FICKETT (*Abridged*).

imagine luncheon Lois behavior
fashion satisfy Reuben

Sound words from Sections 390, 392, 393, 394.

BETWEEN SESSIONS

I

“Mother,” Lois said one bright October morning, “won’t you please let me take my dinner with me to-day and stay between the morning and afternoon school with Jessie? They say it is such fun.”

“Lois, I have told you over and over again that I think it better for you to have the walk to and from school and the hot dinner at home. I am only too glad to have you bring Jessie home with you as often as you like.”

“But that isn’t at all the same thing, mother. It is so nice to have your dinner out of a lunch box, or a basket, and to sit around with the other children.”

“I should think it would be much nicer to have hot beefsteak with your mother at home.”

“Mother, you can’t imagine how I want to take my dinner with me just this once.”

“Well, dear, the first time we have a rainy day I will let you take your dinner with you.”

Lois was delighted.

Day after day of glorious autumn sunshine came, and at last there was a stormy evening. When Lois waked in the morning, to her intense delight she heard the rain falling in torrents.

“It is really such a bad storm I think you had better stay at home,” Mrs. Page said at breakfast.

Lois’s face fell. “Oh, mother,” she begged, “I have waited so patiently for a bad storm. You know you said I might take my dinner the first rainy day.”

“I didn’t think it would be such a bad storm as this.”

But Lois was so eager that her mother finally yielded.

“I suppose, if you wear your rubber boots and raincoat there isn’t much danger of your taking

cold," she said, as she began to prepare a luncheon for Lois.

"I will make you some orange marmalade sandwiches; there isn't any cold meat in the house, but you may have some hard-boiled eggs, and cookies and a banana."

Lois started for school in a most joyful frame of mind. It was coming true, this dream she had had for two long weeks. She stopped for her friend Ellen, and her pleasure was doubled when she found that Ellen was going to stay between the sessions.

The two little girls made their way cheerfully to school under one umbrella. Lois was disappointed to find that Jessie was not there, dear Jessie who always made everything go so smoothly.

When Miss Benton was ready to leave at the end of the morning, she turned to Lois and said, "I usually make Jessie monitor at noon and she keeps excellent order, but as she isn't here you shall be monitor."

“ If the children do anything wrong, speak to them,” Miss Benton continued, “ and if they don’t mind you, report them to me.”

Lois sat down on one of the front benches next to Ellen, hoping that the children would all be on their best behavior. But three boys began chasing each other around the room with wild war whoops, making such a deafening noise that the little girls found it hard to make themselves heard. Reuben Morgan was the ringleader.

“ Lois,” said Dora Robertson, “ don’t you think those boys ought to be quiet ? ”

“ Yes,” said Lois, faintly.

“ Then stop them,” said Gertrude Brown ; “ you are monitor.”

“ Yes,” echoed Ethel Smith, “ stop them.”

Lois looked appealingly at Ellen. “ You stop them, Ellen ; Reuben is your brother.”

“ I am not monitor,” said Ellen, opening her basket.

The boys thought they would make a still



The Noon Hour at School

greater sensation; they got up on top of the desks and began walking from one desk to another across the room.

"Lois, do stop them," said Gertrude Brown.

Still Lois was silent.

"Well, Lois Page, I must say you are a pretty kind of monitor," said Ethel Smith.

"You let her alone," said Reuben, unexpectedly, "she's all right; the trouble isn't with her, I guess," and he jumped down and came over to Ellen for his share of the luncheon. After this there was order.

II

It was not until Lois looked around to see what the other girls had, that she discovered she was the only one who had brought hard-boiled eggs. There were all sorts of sandwiches, and there were cookies and cake, oranges and bananas, but not a single child had eggs. It was evident that hard-boiled eggs were not the fashion. She was very hungry, and orange-

marmalade sandwiches, although delicious, are not satisfying. She took out an egg, glancing up to see if any one were watching her.

"Do you like hard-boiled eggs?" Ethel remarked.

Lois did not reply. She took the egg and hit it gently against the back of the bench.

"Mother will want me to eat this egg," she thought, giving it another knock.

"This shell cracks very hard," she said to herself. "If I can't crack the shells, I can't eat the eggs."

She slipped that one back in her basket, and her conscience made her take out the other one. She hit it softly and it did not crack.

"They have very hard shells," she thought.

"Well, dear, was it as delightful as you expected?" said Mrs. Page, as Lois came home that afternoon.

"It was very nice," replied Lois, "only they made me monitor and I hated that."

"Did you have to find very much fault with the other children?"

"I did not speak to them at all."

"I am glad they were so good," said Mrs. Page, as she took Lois's basket. "Why, Lois, you didn't eat your eggs. I thought you were very fond of hard-boiled eggs."

"The shells were very hard, I couldn't crack them."

"You couldn't crack them? I shall have to give you lessons in cracking eggshells. The next time you carry your luncheon with you, you can crack the shells at home."

The next rainy day, however, when Lois took her dinner to school there was plenty of cold meat in the house, and Mrs. Page made her some sandwiches. To her great delight Lois found that not only Ellen was staying between the sessions, but also Jessie. Jessie was monitor, and Lois could enjoy herself with an easy mind. The boys did not even attempt any mischief.

Lois sat on a front bench with Jessie on one side and Ellen on the other, and she felt very happy. Lois took out her slender sandwiches with pride, for she knew that they were the correct thing. When Jessie opened the lid of her lunch box, Lois saw, to her great surprise, that she took out a hard-boiled egg. She held it up and cracked the shell by hitting it against the back of the bench.

“Do you like hard-boiled eggs?” questioned Ethel.

“I love hard-boiled eggs,” Jessie answered.
“Do you want one? I have two.”

“Yes, I’d like one,” said Ethel.

Jessie threw it over to Ethel, who caught it.

“Dear me,” thought Lois, “I wish I had brought hard-boiled eggs with me to-day; they are the fashion, after all.”

— ELIZA ORNE WHITE (*Abridged*).

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

opinion saluted exquisite devoted

Sound words from Sections 393, 394.

THE BUSY BLUE JAY¹

I

One of the most interesting birds that ever lived in my bird room was a blue jay named Jakie. He was full of business from morning till night, scarcely ever a moment still.

Poor little fellow! He had been stolen from the nest before he could fly, long before he was given to me. Of course he could not be set free, for he did not know how to take care of himself.

Sometimes the things he did in the house were what we call mischief, such as hammering the woodwork to pieces, tearing bits out of the leaves of books, working holes in chair seats, or pounding a cardboard box to pieces. But how is a poor little bird to know what is mischief?

Many things that Jakie did were very funny. For instance, he made it his business to clear up the room. When he had more food than he could

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eat, he did not leave it around, but put it away carefully in some safe nook where it did not offend the eye. Sometimes it was behind the tray in his cage, or among the books on the shelf.

The places he liked best were about me, — in the fold of a ruffle or the loop of a bow on my dress, and sometimes in my slipper. The very choicest place of all was in my hair. That, of course, I could not allow, and I had to keep very close watch of him for fear I might have a bit of bread or meat thrust among my locks.

In his clearing up he always went carefully over the floor, picking up pins or any little thing he could find, and I often dropped burnt matches, buttons, and other small things to give him something to do. These he would pick up and put nicely away.

Pins Jakie took lengthwise in his beak, and at first I thought he had swallowed them, till I saw him hunt up a proper place to hide them. The place he chose was between the leaves of a book.

He would push a pin far in out of sight, and then go after another. A match he always tried to put in a crack under the baseboard, between the breadths of matting, or under my rockers. He first placed it, and then tried to hammer it in out of sight. He could seldom get it in far enough to suit him, and this worried him. Then he would take it out and try another place.

Once the blue jay found a good parlor match. He put it between the breadths of matting, and then began to pound on it, as usual. Pretty soon he hit the unburnt end, and it went off with a loud crack, as parlor matches do. Poor Jackie jumped into the air, nearly frightened out of his wits; and I was frightened, too, for I feared he might set the house on fire.

Often when I got up from my chair a shower of the bird's playthings would fall from his various hiding places about my dress — nails, matches, shoe buttons, bread crumbs, and other things. Then he had to begin his work all over again.



The Blue Jay and the Match

II

Jakie had decided opinions about people who came into the room to see me or to see the birds. At some persons he would squawk every moment. Others he saluted with a queer cry like "Ob-ble! ob-ble! ob-ble!" Once when a lady came in with a baby, he fixed his eyes on that infant with a savage look as if he would like to peck it, and jumped back and forth in his cage, panting, but silent.

Jakie was very devoted to me. He always greeted me with a low, sweet chatter, with wings quivering; if he were out of the cage, he would come on the back of my chair and touch my cheek or lips very gently with his beak, or offer me a bit of food if he had any. To me alone, when no one else was near, he sang a low, exquisite song. I afterwards heard a similar song sung by a wild blue jay to his mate while she was setting, and so I knew that my dear little captive had given me his sweetest — his love song.

Once a grasshopper got into the bird room, probably brought in clinging to some one's dress in the way grasshoppers do. Jakie was in his cage, but he noticed the stranger instantly, and I opened the door for him. He went at once to look at the grasshopper, and when it hopped he was so startled that he hopped too. Then he picked the insect up, but he did not know what to do with it, so he dropped it again. Again the grasshopper jumped up, and again the jay did the same. This

they did over and over, till every one was tired laughing at them. It looked as if they were trying to see who could jump the highest.

There was another bird in the room, however, who knew what grasshoppers were good for. He was an orchard oriole. After looking on awhile, he came down and carried off the hopper to eat.

The jay did not like to lose his plaything; he ran after the thief, and stood on the floor, giving low cries, and looking on while the oriole on a chair was eating the dead grasshopper. When the oriole happened to drop it, Jakie — who had a new idea what to do with grasshoppers — snatched it up, carried it under a chair, and finished it.

— OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

— PHOEBE CARY.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC¹

Robins in the tree top,
 Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
 Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
 Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
 Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
 Fringed elm and larch,—
Don't you think that Maytime's
 Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
 Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
 Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
 Lilies fair of face,

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Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place ;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day, —
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May ?

Roger in the corn patch
Whistling negro songs ;
Pussy by the hearthside
Romping with the tongs ;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind ;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind ;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon, —
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June ?

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue ;

Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball),—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Sound words from
Section 393.

usual difficulty peculiarity

AT DINNER

The Peterkin family were at dinner.

They sat down to a dish of boiled ham. It was a peculiarity of the children of the family that half of them liked fat, and half liked lean. In this ham the fat and the lean came in separate

slices — first one of lean, then one of fat, then two slices of lean, and so on.

Mr. Peterkin began, as usual, by helping the children, according to age. Agamemnon, who liked lean, got a fat slice; and Elizabeth Eliza, who preferred fat, had a lean slice. Solomon John, who could eat nothing but lean, was helped to fat, and so on. Nobody had what he could eat.

It was a rule of the Peterkin family that no one should eat any of the vegetables without some of the meat; so, although the children saw upon their plates apple sauce, and squash and tomato, and sweet potato and white potato, not one of them could eat a mouthful, because not one was satisfied with the meat. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, however, liked both fat and lean, and were making a very good meal, when they looked up and saw the children all sitting, eating nothing.

“What is the matter now?” said Mr. Peterkin.

But the children were taught not to speak at table. Agamemnon made a sign of disgust at his

fat, and Elizabeth Eliza at her lean, and so on ; and they presently discovered what was the difficulty.

“What shall be done now ?” said Mrs. Peterkin.

They all sat and thought for a little while.

At last Mrs. Peterkin said, rather uncertainly, “Suppose we ask the lady from Philadelphia what is best to be done.”

But Mr. Peterkin said let the children try to eat their dinner as it was.

They all tried, but they couldn't. “Very well, then,” said Mr. Peterkin, “let them go and ask the lady from Philadelphia.”

“All of us ?” cried one of the little boys, in the excitement of the moment.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Peterkin, “only put on your rubber boots.” And they hurried out of the house.

The lady from Philadelphia was just going in to her dinner ; but she kindly stopped to hear what the trouble was. Agamemnon and Elizabeth



The Peterkins at Dinner

Eliza told her all the difficulty, and the lady from Philadelphia said, "Why don't you give the slices of fat to those who like the fat and the slices of lean to those who like the lean?"

Agamemnon looked at Elizabeth Eliza, and Solomon John looked at the little boys.

"Why didn't we think of that?" said they, and ran home to tell their mother.

—LUCRETIA P. HALE.

SONG

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

| | | | |
|--------|----------|-----------|---------|
| rhyme | raged | onion | ruined |
| violin | musician | expensive | satisfy |

Sound words from Sections 389, 390, 393, 394.

THE SEA COWS

An old Swedish fisherman and his wife once lived during the spring, summer, and autumn on a little red rock in the sea.

In winter they moved to a cottage on the shore; but throughout the warm weather they spent their time fishing from their little rocky island. There they had built a hut to keep off the rain. Nothing grew on the rock except a mountain-ash tree and four alders, a few patches of grass, some reeds, two tansy plants, and three onions.

In the spring the two old people fished for salmon, in the summer for herring, and in the autumn for whitefish. Every Saturday, when the weather was fine and the wind was right, they sailed to the mainland to sell their fish in the city. Sometimes they stayed over Sunday and went to church.

They lived together contentedly with their yellow dog Prince ; but now and again the old woman was unhappy because she was not rich enough to buy a cow.

“What would you do with a cow ?” asked her husband. “She could not eat the rocks, and our boat is too small to take her out there. Even if we could get her there, she would soon die.”

“There are four alders and sixteen patches of grass,” said she.

“You are right,” said he, laughing, “and she might eat the three onions.”

“All cows like salt herring,” she answered.

“That would be rather expensive food,” said the old man.

The old woman sighed. She knew that her husband was right, but she wanted a cow.

One day, while they were cleaning fish, three young men came up in a sailboat.

As they drew near, they shouted, “Row out to us with some fresh milk.”

"If we only had it!" sighed the poor old woman.

"What? No cow?" said they. "You'd better ask the sea-god to send you a sea cow."

After the young men had gone, the fisherman's wife remained silent and thoughtful. She was trying to remember some magic words that she had heard as a child; she wondered what would happen if she used them to the sea-god. "Shall I try it?" she thought.

It was Saturday evening. Usually the fisherman did not put out his nets on that night, because he would have to take them in on Sunday morning. But toward evening his wife said to him:

"We ought to put out the nets to-night. Yesterday it was storming, and we caught almost nothing. To-night the sea is like glass, and the herrings will come this way."

"There is a storm brewing," grumbled the old man; but at last he agreed to put out the nets.

When they were in the boat together, the woman began to hum the words of the old sea

charm, changing them to fit the desire of her heart. This is what she sang:

“Sea-god with the bearded chin,
Sea-god in the waters deep,
King art thou of scale and fin,
Pearls and gems are thine to keep;
In thy meadows green and clear,
At the bottom of the sea,
Many a herd roams far and near;
Send one sea cow up to me.”

“That is a foolish song,” said her husband.
“What could the sea-god send you but fish?”

He said no more, for he was busy rowing his boat; but she went on with her singing.

That night neither could sleep, and about midnight the fisherman sat up and said, “Wife, do you hear the storm? Our nets will be ruined! It brings no luck to fish on a Saturday night!”

The wind whistled outside, and the sea raged and spattered foam up to the very roof of their hut.

II

In the morning the storm was past, and the sea glittered in the sunshine.

“What is this?” cried the old woman, as she stood in the doorway.

“It looks like a big seal,” said the fisherman.

“As I live, it’s a cow!” cried his wife.

A cow it was — a splendid red cow! She was moving slowly along the shore, not touching the poor little patches of grass.

The fisherman could not believe his eyes until his wife sat down to milk the cow and soon filled all the pans in the house.

Then he said to his wife, “It is all very well to have a cow; but how shall we feed her?”

“Look!” said the old woman. The cow was standing in the shallow water, chewing seaweed.

From that day on they began to grow rich. The old woman made butter, and sold it in the city; and her husband hired two men to help him in his fishing.

In the autumn, when the old people went to the mainland to live, the cow walked out into the water and disappeared; but when they returned to their island in the spring, they found her standing on the rock.

“We must build a new cottage,” said the old woman. “This is too small for us and the servants.”

When it was done, the fisherman had such good luck that he hired two more men to help him.

“I ought to have a girl to help with the butter-making,” said the old woman.

“Hire one,” said her husband.

And when she had done so, she said, “Now we have not milk enough for such a large family. It would be just as easy to take care of three cows!”

“Well, sing to your sea-god again,” said the old man, to tease her.

This was exactly what she did. She rowed out into the water and sang this rhyme:



"It's a cow!" cried his Wife

“Sea-god, ruler of the deep,
Monarch of the foaming sea,
A thousand cows are thine to keep;
I ask of thee no more than three.”

III

The next morning three cows stood on the edge of the rock, chewing seaweed.

“Are you satisfied now?” asked the old man.

“Yes,” she answered, “if I had two girls to help me, and some better clothes.”

When she had bought her new clothes, she said, “I wish we had a two-story house. Then we might bring some earth over from the mainland to make a garden. We might build a summer house, and hire a musician to play the violin for us every evening there. We ought to have a steam launch, too, so that we can go to church every Sunday.”

“Is that all?” asked her husband; and he gave her everything she wanted. She became so fashionable that the fishes stared at her in wonder.

The dog Prince was fed on roast beef and waffles, until he grew as round as a hedgehog.

“Are you satisfied now?” asked the fisherman.

“Well,” said she, “thirty cows instead of three would satisfy me.”

“Ask now,” he answered.

She went out in her new boat and sang to the sea-god. The next morning thirty cows stood on the edge of the rock, chewing seaweed.

“Oh, dear!” said the old woman. “This rock is too small! Where shall we put all these cows?”

“You’d better pump out the sea,” said her husband. “Try the pump in your new boat.”

She knew that he was making fun of her, so she went away to try to think what she could do.

“Of course I cannot empty the sea,” she said to herself; “but perhaps if I throw in enough rocks and stones, I can make the island twice as large as it is.”

She loaded her steam launch with stones. The musician was with her, and the moment he began

to play his violin, all the people of the sea came up to listen, for they were very fond of music.

But the selfish old woman thought them only sea foam; and she commanded her people to begin to throw the rocks overboard.

Plump — plump — went the big stones right and left. One struck the prettiest mermaid there, another scratched the cheek of the sea queen, and a third almost hit the sea-god himself. There came a great uproar in the waters, and the waves bubbled as if they were boiling.

“What can be the matter?” said the old woman; but before she had finished her sentence, the sea had opened and swallowed her new steam launch. She found herself in the waves, keeping herself afloat by clinging to the musician’s violin.

Close by her in the water was the angry face of the sea-god.

“Why did you throw rocks at me?” he roared.

“Oh!” said she, “please forgive me! It was quite accidental. I didn’t know you were there.”

"I gave you all you asked for," said he, "and this is my thanks! Away with you!" He gave her violin such a mighty push that it carried her like a rocket to the shore.

There she found her husband, in his shabby gray jacket, sitting alone on the steps of the hut.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"Where is our house?" said she.

"What house?"

"Our new house with the garden, the servants, the thirty cows, and all the other things."

"You are talking in your sleep," said he. "There was a storm in the night; but you did not waken, so I went out alone to bring in the nets. You have been dreaming."

"There's the violin," said she, rubbing her eyes.

"A fine violin that! It's an old log. Good wife, we will not put out the nets again on a Saturday night. It brings no luck to work on Sunday morning."

—ZACHRIS TOPELIUS, *translated and adapted by Maria Sandahl.*

THE LIGHT-HEARTED FAIRY

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!

As the light-hearted fairy? heigh ho,

Heigh ho!

He dances and sings

To the sound of his wings

With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!

As the light-hearted fairy? heigh ho!

Heigh ho!

His nectar he sips

From the primroses' lips

With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!

As the light-footed fairy? heigh ho!

Heigh ho!

The night is his noon

And the sun is his moon,

With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

WHAT THE DANDELIONS DID

I

Down in a sheltered corner by the wall of a big brick building there was a patch of green grass. Some little children came and sat down upon it. They lay at full length and put their cheeks against the cool green. The smallest one, little Tom, found a handful of yellow flowers in the farthest corner and brought them eagerly for the others to see.

"They are dandelions," said the oldest little girl, saying the word carefully. "I have seen hundreds of them in a field." She had been in the "real country," the summer before, with the Fresh Air children.

"Tell us about it, Minna," said the others, gathering about her. They had heard it all fifty times, but Minna was never tired of repeating her wonderful story.

"There were so many flowers you couldn't pick

them in a week, and they did not belong to anybody. You could have all you wanted," she said.

"But," said little Lena, "you went because you'd been sick with a fever. Even if I had a fever, I couldn't go, for who'd take care of Tom?"

An old gentleman, strolling along, swinging his cane, watched the bright faces, and a word of Minna's story now and then reached his ear.

"Where is it you'd like so much to go?" he asked, as Lena looked up and saw him.

"Oh, sir," she said, "it's to the real country where Minna has been. There's miles of green grass and flowers and birds and blue sky. Did you ever see the real country?" she added, seeing the friendly look in the old gentleman's eyes.

"Yes, my dear," he replied. "And it is just as beautiful as Minna says it is. Every little boy and girl ought to know what the real country is like."

Just then the clock in the tall steeple near by struck five. Lena jumped up, carefully gathered the faded flowers from Tom's lap, and said:

“We must go now. Mother will soon come home.”

Before she went the stranger wanted to know where she lived. He asked so many questions that she thought him rather inquisitive. But she was a polite girl and answered him pleasantly.

On the following evening when Lena answered a rap at the door, there stood the stranger. She gave him a pleased smile of welcome and took him in to her mother. He saw the mother's worn look, the bare room, and the withered dandelions in a cup by the window. Soon they were talking earnestly together while Lena was coaxing the baby to sleep. Before the gentleman went away, he had secured permission to send Lena and her little brother for two weeks to a pleasant home in the real country.

So one morning Lena, holding tight to Tom's hand, stood in the big station with half a dozen other children, waiting to be put aboard the train.

At length the little crowd was safe on board, and the train began to move.

The other children laughed, and chatted, and ate the rosy-cheeked apples that the kind old gentleman had provided; but Lena sat quite still, watching from the window. The train moved swiftly, and the telegraph poles and fences looked as though they were running away. Green fields flew by, and there were clumps of trees in the distance. But the train sped on so fast that Lena could not tell what they were like.

II

Before long the children were once more gathered together. Hats were tied on, baskets and funny-shaped bundles were collected and given into the hands of their owners. Then the train steamed away down the track, and they were left standing on the platform of the station.

As they drove from the station, Lena's eyes grew bigger than ever. The road led past fields that were greener than any she had ever seen,



The Ride from the Station

and they stretched so far away that they seemed to reach the blue sky beyond. Tall buttercups and yellow-eyed daisies nodded in the breeze. She had never dreamed of such a beautiful world.

Soon the driver stopped his horses at a white house standing a little back from the shady street. A plump, motherly woman came down the flower-bordered walk to the gate. The other children were to go to a farm a mile beyond the village, but Lena and Tom were to stay here. The driver lifted them down. Their new friend, who was called by every one Aunt Susan Brown, chatted cheerily as she carried Tom up the gravel walk to the vine-covered porch.

Lena seemed to be dreaming a beautiful dream. She followed Aunt Susan into the house and up the stairs to a tiny room that was to be hers while she stayed.

Lena thought she had never seen anything so pretty as the clean little room with its sunny window, muslin curtains, white bed, and little wil-

low rocker. She sat down with her arms around Tom, who sucked his thumb, and stared with wonder. She drew a deep breath and wondered if heaven were more beautiful than this.

Every day some new delightful thing happened. Lena gathered armfuls of shiny buttercups. She made daisy chains. She wandered to the edge of the woods and found the checkerberries hidden away under the trees. She and Tom fed the chickens and hunted for eggs and played with the soft, furry kittens. Sometimes they drove away with Mr. Brown on a long errand to a neighboring farm. One day there was a picnic with some other children.

The days flew by as though they had wings. It was the last but one before Lena must say good-by to her kind friends and to all the delightful things about her. She sat under the vines on the porch with a very sad expression on her face. Good Mrs. Brown saw it there. She knew a secret that would bring back the smiles.

She had intended to keep the good news until the next day. But when she saw Lena's face, she could not keep from telling her good news.

At the foot of the hill on which the Browns' house stood was a little empty cottage. Over the porch climbed a rosebush full of pink blossoms, and down in the corner was a thrifty little clump of dandelions. Lena's mother was coming to live in the cottage, and Lena could go to school at the little schoolhouse near by when the fall term began.

When they all went to the station next day, it was not to send the children back to the hot pavements and brick buildings of the city, but to welcome the dear mother to her new home at the foot of the hill.

Lena always said the dandelions brought all this about. If the old gentleman had not seen Tom with his little hand full of them that day in the city, this beautiful fairy tale would never have come true.

— B. BUCKHAM.

FROM A RAILWAY TRAIN

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle;
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

terrific echoed forfeit

WHOSE GIFTS WERE BEST?

I

Long ago when the old Norse gods were living in their beautiful city of Asgard, there was one among them called Loki the Red-bearded, who was always getting into mischief.

One day when he had nothing better to do, he cut off the beautiful long hair of the goddess Sif, which had covered her like a great golden veil.

Now Sif was the wife of Thor the Thunderer. When Thor came home and found out what had happened, he tramped up and down the floor of heaven, making such a terrific storm that all the people on earth thought their last day had come. The flashing of his eyes was the lightning, and the roll of his chariot wheels as he went forth to find Loki was the thunder.

At last he came upon the mischievous one, and seized him with his mighty hand. "Now," said he, "since you cannot put back Sif's hair, you

must replace it with hair of real gold. Unless you do this, there's an end of you!"

"Where shall I find it?" whimpered Loki.

"Go to the black elves," said Thor. They are the best metal workers in the world. Hasten, that Sif may be as beautiful as before."

Then red-bearded Loki went down under the earth where the little black dwarfs have their workshops. He asked them if they could make a crown of gold hair that would grow and be smooth and soft and curly. The dwarfs went to work at once, and soon made a beautiful golden crown which they gave to Loki. They also gave him two other strange gifts. One was a golden spear, that would always hit the mark at which it was aimed. The other was a little golden ship that could be folded and put into the pocket or spread out so that it could take all the gods across the sea.

Loki was feeling pleased with his gifts when outside the cavern he met a dwarf called Brock.

“What have you there?” asked Brock.

“The three best gifts in the world,” said Loki.

“Then my brother Sindri made them,” said Brock.

“No,” said Loki; “I had them from the black elves.”

“Well,” said Brock, “whatever they are, my brother can make three that are better.”

“Can he?” jeered Loki. “I will give him my head if he can.”

“Done!” said the dwarf. “Come down and we shall see.”

II

They went into Sindri's cave and found him at his forge. When he saw Loki's gifts, he said nothing until Brock asked him if he could not do better than that.

“You shall see,” he said.

Sindri laid a pig's skin on the fire, and gave the bellows to Brock. “Blow hard,” he said,

“and don’t stop until I return.” Then Sindri went away.

Loki saw very well that if Brock stopped blowing for a single moment, the work would be spoiled. He changed himself into a huge horsefly and, lighting on Brock’s hand, stung with all his might. But the dwarf only howled with pain and kept on blowing.

Presently Sindri came back and took the pig’s skin from the forge. It had become a live golden pig that shone like the sun.

“Ho!” said Loki. “What’s the good of that?”

“Wait!” said Sindri, as he took up a lump of gold to make his second gift.

Again he went away and left Brock at the bellows, telling him not to stop blowing unless he wished to spoil the work.

A second time Loki buzzed and settled on his neck in the shape of a gadfly, but although he roared until the mountain echoed, he did not

pause. Then Sindri returned and took from the fire a plain gold ring.

“What!” said Loki. “No jewels?”

“Wait,” said Sindri, laughing, as he rolled into the fire a great lump of iron.

This time Loki in the shape of a horsefly settled on Brock’s eyelid and stung him until he danced with pain. Then Brock put up his hand to brush off the fly.

“Spoiled!” cried Sindri, rushing in. “You have let the bellows stop.”

“Only a second,” pleaded Brock,

When Loki saw Sindri draw out an enormous hammer, he mocked, “What! Only an old hammer, with a stump of a handle.”

“That is Brock’s fault,” said Sindri. “He shouldn’t have stopped blowing. However, even so, I think we shall do very well.”

He whispered something to Brock, who capered all about the room in his joy.

Then Sindri packed into a bag the three gifts

that he had made and said, "You shall go together to Asgard and let the gods judge whose gifts are best."

III

So Loki and Brock climbed up to the palace at Asgard and laid their bags of gifts at Odin's feet and told him their story.

First, Loki gave to Odin the spear that always hits its mark. Odin said, "Nothing could be better than that."

Then Loki took the gold hair and put it on Sif's head; it began to grow like real hair. Thor, her husband, was so pleased that he forgave Loki the wrong he had done.

Last, Loki took the little boat and gave it to the god Frey, whose blue eyes danced with glee.

The gods said, "Brock will do well to match such gifts."

"I have what I have," said the crooked little fellow.

First he gave the plain gold ring to Odin.

"Look, now," he said, "every ninth night from this ring will drop eight other rings, as large and as beautiful."

"Ho!" cried Odin. "This is better than the spear!" And the other gods agreed.

Then Brock opened his sack and the golden pig came forth grunting.

"This is for Frey," said Brock. "He can run more swiftly than any horse on land and on water. The shining of his bristles will make the darkest night as light as noonday."

Frey clapped his hands, "Master dwarf, this is better than my ship!"

Last of all, Brock drew forth the iron hammer, gave it to Thor, and said, "There is nothing in all the world that can resist its blows. However far it is thrown, it will always fly back again into the hand of the thrower."

"With this," said Thor, "I can fight all the giants and monsters that I wish. Brock has won." And all the other gods agreed with him.



The Gold Hair that Loki made

At this, red-bearded Loki turned pale. Then he remembered that he had on his magic shoes; like an arrow he darted through the window, calling back, "Catch me first!"

The dwarf stamped and tore his beard; then he turned to Thor.

"Thor," said he, "Loki is cheating me. Bring him back."

Thor was the swiftest of all the gods; in a moment he tossed Loki in through the window.

"Now, boaster," said Brock, "I have you safe! You shall lose your head and your red beard!"

"Wait a moment," cried the sly Loki. "You have won my head, but not my neck! If you take an inch of neck, your own life will be forfeited!"

Brock was puzzled and did not know what to do. Plainly he could not cut off Loki's head without touching his neck. At last he found a way.

"Keep your head, then," said he, "and much good may it do you."

He took out of his bag a great needle and some

pack thread. With these he sewed up Loki's mouth so that he could not say a word. For a long time after that, Loki did no more mischief.

— *Norse Folk Tale.*

THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK

A man born blind asked a man who could see,
“What color is milk?”

The man who could see said, “The color of milk is the same as that of white paper.”

“Does that color rustle in your hands like paper?”

“No, it is as white as white flour.”

“Is it as soft and as powdery as flour?”

“No, it is simply as white as a white hare.”

“Is it as fluffy and soft as a hare?”

“No, it is as white as snow.”

“Is it as cold as snow?”

No matter how many examples the seeing man gave, the blind man was unable to understand what the white color of milk was like.

— COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

| | | |
|---------|----------|------------|
| island | advanced | excitement |
| crystal | practice | cautiously |

Sound words from Sections 332, 388, 394.

ONE WAY OF FISHING

The river was a branch of a broad mountain stream. There was the water to splash and paddle in, with stones for those who liked to practice hardening their feet, and patches of sand where one could enjoy feet sinking, and sand oozing up between all one's toes. There were pools for sailing boats; rocks covered over with thick, sunny moss; and all the wonderful things that were to be found in the river. Then there were the islands, the trout, and the minnows.

It was to one of the islands that the children were going. The water looked like clear brown crystal in the sunlight, and soon everything was forgotten in the excitement of looking for trout.

Not a fish did they see this morning, till just as they were crossing the stepping-stones to a little island. Winnie pulled Merton's jacket.

She pointed silently to where a great fellow lay under a rock, the sun shining on his spotted side.

“ Ah ! ” whispered Merton, “ isn’t he a beauty ? ”

They stood a minute watching, but the trout scarcely moved.

“ How still he keeps,” whispered Winnie ; “ I believe I could catch him in my hands.”

In a minute she had pulled off her shoes and stockings, and was cautiously stepping into the water. The icy cold made her screw up her eyes, but on she went, trying to make as little splash as possible. Still the trout never moved. Winnie could hardly believe her good fortune. She got close behind it ; she bent down ; her hands were just closing on it, when — there was a tremendous splash, and in an instant the trout had whisked far away out of sight.

“ Never mind,” Winnie said cheerily ; “ let’s see if we can’t catch him somewhere else.”

Just then a shout arose, and Bobbo, bursting through the bushes, exclaimed in delight that

Rosie had caught a trout "in her hands in the water." Winnie told of her disappointment.

"What's the matter with the trout?" said Bobbo. "Generally they're off like lightning if you so much as look at them. There's another!"

But Winnie's sharp eyes saw the trout as soon as Bobbo, and she had the start of him, being already in the water. Signing the others to be quiet, she advanced cautiously upstream till she got close behind it. Then, bending down, she quickly clasped her little brown hands under the trout, and threw it high and dry on a rock.

"Hurrah!" shouted Merton. "Come along, Bobbo; off with your other boot, and let's go up the river and try for some more."

Bare-legged and bare-armed, their hats hanging down their backs, their hair blown wildly about, they splashed along in the bright cold water, or jumped from rock to rock, thinking of nothing save the speckled trout for which they looked so eagerly in the clear brown pools. Winnie caught



How they caught the Trout

another fish, and Rosie had three shining trout caught by herself and Merton.

“That’s five all together!” shouted Merton.
“We’ll go up to Long Island, and light a fire and cook them for our dinner.”

—FLORA L. SHAW (*Adapted*).

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE STORY-TELLER

A lion who was the king of a great forest once said to his subjects, "I want some one among you to tell me stories one after another without ceasing. If you fail to find somebody who can so amuse me, you will all be put to death."

The animals were in great alarm.

The fox said, "Fear not; I shall save you all. Tell the king the story-teller is ready to come to court when ordered."

Soon the king ordered them to send the story-teller at once. The fox bowed respectfully, and stood before the king, who said, "So you are to tell us stories without ceasing?"

"Yes, your majesty," said the fox.

"Then begin," said the lion.

"But before I do so," said the fox, "I should like to know what your majesty means by a story."

"Why," said the lion, "I mean a tale containing some interesting event or fact."

"Just so," said the fox, and began:

“There was a fisherman who went to sea with a huge net, and spread it far and wide. A great many fish got into it. Just as the fisherman was about to draw the net, the meshes broke. A great opening was made. First one fish escaped.” Here the fox stopped.

“What then?” said the lion.

“Then two escaped,” said the fox.

“What then?” said the impatient lion.

“Then three escaped,” said the fox. And so it went on. As often as the lion asked “What then?” the fox added one more fish to the number that escaped.

The lion was vexed, and said, “Why, you are telling me nothing new!”

“I hope your majesty will not forget your royal word,” said the fox. “Each event occurred by itself, and each group of fish that escaped was different from the rest.”

“But wherein is the wonder?” said the lion.

“Why, your majesty, what can be more wonder-

ful than for fish to escape in groups, each exceeding the other by one?"

"I am bound by my word," said the lion, "else I would see your carcass stretched on the ground."

— *Indian Fables.*

TO THE LADYBIRD

Ladybird! Ladybird! fly away home;
The field mouse is gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the birds and the bees are at rest.
Ladybird! Ladybird! fly away home;
The glowworm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled
wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.
Ladybird! Ladybird! fly away home;
The fairy-bells tinkle afar;
Make haste, or they'll catch you and harness
you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

| | | | |
|-------|---------|------|-------------|
| Asia | monarch | idea | persuade |
| diary | Pinta | Niña | Santa Maria |

Sound words from Sections 393, 396.

HOW AMERICA WAS FOUND

Only about four hundred years ago, the people who lived in the world did not dream there was such a place as America.

At that time there was great trade between Europe and Asia. The kings of Europe had learned that Asia was rich in gold and silver and jewels of all sorts. They had found out that silk is made in the East and that all sorts of spices grow there on trees and shrubs.

As most people like silks and jewels and spices, splendid clothes, and good things to eat, these kings of Europe were always sending sailors to find the quickest and cheapest way of bringing these treasures to them. For hundreds of years men had been sailing east to reach Asia. No one had ever sailed west into the great ocean where no land had ever been seen.

In those days most people supposed that the earth was flat like a great round table top. But some men had studied about the sky and stars, and had come to believe that the earth was an enormous solid globe like a huge orange. One of these men was an Italian named Christopher Columbus.

Columbus studied books and maps until he thought that if the world was round like an orange, and Asia was on the other side from Europe, the easiest way to get there might be to sail west instead of east.

Columbus wished to find this short way to Asia, but he was a poor man and had no ships. He spent about twenty years trying to persuade first one king, and then another, to help him. All this time he was laughed at and considered crazy.

At last, when he was white-haired and almost broken-hearted, the king and queen of Spain gave him money to fit out three little ships for his journey.

They were called the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Niña*. The *Niña* (which means baby) was so small that no one would dare to cross the ocean in such a little boat to-day.

August 3, 1492, Columbus sailed away from Spain with about ninety men in his little fleet. He was so sure that he would reach Asia, that he took a letter from his king and queen to a great monarch who was supposed to live there.

The three little ships went on sailing and sailing, first one ahead and then another, keeping as nearly west as possible. All the way the sailors were frightened, and some of them were anxious to turn back.

Happily they had no storms. The weather was beautiful, and the winds blew steadily behind them, helping them on their way. But even this frightened the foolish sailors; and some of them said there would never be a wind from the west to blow them back home.

After they had been many weeks at sea, they

began to come upon signs of land, such as floating twigs, and birds that never fly very far from shore. Then they came into water that was overgrown with seaweeds. The sailors grew more and more frightened, for they thought their ships would become so entangled that they could not go backward or forward.

One night Columbus was standing alone on a high part of the ship when he saw a light rising and falling. It looked about as big as a candle. He felt sure that it must be on land, so he called another man to come and look.

About two o'clock in the morning, a sailor cried, "Land!" This time they all saw it quite plainly in the moonlight, about six miles away. They took in their sails and waited for the morning.

When daylight came, October 12, they found themselves near a small island with beautiful, strange trees such as they had never seen in Spain, and curious brown people staring at them from the shore.



The Land Columbus Discovered

The brown people who lived on the island Columbus called Indians. They painted themselves white and black and red; and the climate was so warm that they wore no clothes.

They came out to the ships in canoes made of great hollow logs and large enough to hold forty men or more. They gave skeins of cotton, parrots, and arrows in exchange for all sorts of trinkets, beads, little bells, and even pieces of broken crockery and glass.

Some of them wore nose rings of gold. When Columbus asked them where more gold could be found, they pointed to the southward.

The next day, Columbus found that he was in the midst of a large group of islands. We call them the Bahamas, and they are not very far from the coast of Florida. The people swam out to his boats and offered food and water and whatever else they had in exchange for anything the sailors chose to give. They thought that the white men were gods who had come down from heaven.

When Columbus went ashore, he was amazed to find the trees, fruits, herbs, and stones — everything — entirely different from what he had seen before. The island was so beautiful and he was so enchanted with the songs of the birds that he felt as if he would like to stay there always.

When Columbus had been cruising more than a month among the islands, the men of the *Pinta* sailed away and left him. Although Columbus believed that they had gone away to get gold for themselves, he kept a lantern burning so that they could find their way back if they were lost.

On Christmas Day a very sad thing happened. Columbus, who had had no rest for two days and a night, went below to get some sleep. As the sea was calm, the sailor who steered thought that he would like to sleep also. While he slept, a strong current seized the *Santa Maria* and carried her on to a sand bank. The crew and all the cargo were saved; not so much as a compass was lost. But the ship itself was wrecked.

After this, Columbus built a fort and left half his men there until he should come back again. The little *Niña* was too small to carry them all home.

On December 30, he had a great farewell feast with five of the Indian chiefs. One of them put a crown on Columbus, who gave them beads, a splendid cloak, a pair of colored boots, and other gay gifts that pleased them.

On January 4, he sailed away from the New World, and two days later he came upon the truant *Pinta*. Her captain said that he had been lost, but Columbus still believed that he had been trying to find gold for himself.

The two ships sailed homeward together until the middle of February, when they were parted in a great storm. They did not meet again until the voyage was over.

For nearly a week Columbus and his men gave themselves up for lost. The wind and the sea were so terrible that they never expected to see land again. Every day Columbus had kept a

diary of the things that happened. In this terrible storm he made a copy of his diary, carefully wrapped it so that it could not get wet, and flung it into the sea in a little cask. He thought the waves might carry it to land or some ship might find it, so that men should know the things he had done, even if he himself were lost.

Although the copy that he threw overboard was never seen again, Columbus came safely home, with the diary itself. A good deal of it was printed not long after. When we read it, we can follow the great Admiral in that first lonely voyage across the sea, when no one knew what would be found at the other end.

This is the way that America was found.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A SEA SONG FROM THE SHORE¹

Hail! Ho!

Sail! Ho!

Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!

Who calls to me,

So far at sea?

Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!

Hail! Ho!

The sailor he sails the sea:

I wish he would capture

A little sea horse

And send him home to me.

I wish as he sails

Through the tropical gales,

He would catch me a sea bird, too,

With its silver wings

And the song it sings,

And its breast of down and dew!

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I wish he would catch me
A little mermaid,
Some island where he lands,
With her dripping curls,
And her crown of pearls,
And the-looking-glass in her hands!
Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!
And if I were a sailor,
I'd sail with you,
Though I never sailed back again.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

delicious minister opposite

Sound words from Sections 333, 394.

MRS. PETERKIN WISHES TO GO TO DRIVE

One morning Mrs. Peterkin was feeling very tired, as she had a great many things to think of. She said to Mr. Peterkin, "I believe I shall take a ride this morning!"

The little boys cried out, " May we go too? "

Mrs. Peterkin said that Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys might go.

So Mr. Peterkin had the horse put into the carryall, he and Agamemnon went off to their business, Solomon John went off to school, and Mrs. Peterkin began to get ready for her ride.

She had some currants to carry to old Mrs. Twomly, and gooseberries for somebody else, and Elizabeth Eliza wanted to pick some flowers to take to the minister's wife; so it took them a long time to prepare.

The little boys went out to pick the currants and the gooseberries, Elizabeth Eliza went out for her flowers, Mrs. Peterkin put on her bonnet, and in time they were all ready.

Elizabeth Eliza was to drive; she sat on the front seat, took up the reins, and the horse started off merrily. Then it suddenly stopped, and would not go any farther.

Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and pulled

them, then she clucked to the horse; Mrs. Peterkin clucked; the little boys whistled and shouted; but still the horse would not go.

“We shall have to whip him,” said Elizabeth Eliza.

Mrs. Peterkin never liked to use the whip; but, as the horse would not go, she said she would get out and turn his head the other way, while Elizabeth Eliza whipped him. When he began to go, she would hurry to get in.

So they tried this, but the horse would not stir.

“Perhaps we have too heavy a load,” said Mrs. Peterkin.

They took out the currants and the gooseberries and the flowers, but still the horse would not go.

One of the neighbors, from the opposite house, looking out just then, called out to them to try the whip. There was a high wind, and they could not hear exactly what she said.

“I have tried the whip,” said Elizabeth Eliza.

“She says ‘whips,’ such as you eat,” said one of the little boys.

“We might make those,” said Mrs. Peterkin, thoughtfully.

“We have plenty of cream,” said Elizabeth Eliza.

“Yes, let us have some whips,” cried the little boys, getting out.

So they went into the kitchen, whipped up the cream, and made some very delicious whips. The little boys tasted all round, and they all thought they were very nice.

They carried some out to the horse, who swallowed them down very quickly.

“That is just what he wanted,” said Mrs. Peterkin; “now he will certainly go!”

They got into the carriage again. Then they put in the currants, the gooseberries, and the flowers; Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and they all clucked; but still the horse would not go!



Mrs. Peterkin's Drive.

“We must either give up our ride,” said Mrs. Peterkin, “or else send over to the lady from Philadelphia, and see what she will say.”

The little boys jumped out as quickly as they could; they were eager to go and ask the lady from Philadelphia. Elizabeth Eliza went with them, while their mother took the reins.

They found that the lady from Philadelphia was very ill in bed. But when she was told what the trouble was, she very kindly said they might draw up the curtain from the window at the foot of the bed, and open the blind, so that she could see. Then she asked for her opera glass, and looked through it, across the way, up the street, to Mrs. Peterkin’s door.

After she had looked through the glass, she said, “Why don’t you unchain the horse from the horse post?”

Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys hurried back to the house to tell their mother. The horse was untied, and they all went to ride.

—LUCRETIA P. HALE.

convenient flourished admiring

Sound words from Section 393.

THE FAIRY COW

There was once an old woman who earned her living by doing chores for the farmers' wives in the village where she lived. She didn't earn much, but she always looked as cheerful as though she hadn't a want in the world.

One summer evening as she was walking homeward, she came upon a big black pot lying at the side of the road.

"Now *that*," she said, stopping to look at it, "would be just the thing for me, if I had anything to put into it! Who can have left it here?" She looked around, thinking the person to whom it belonged could not be far off. But she could see no one.

"Maybe it has a hole in it," she said thoughtfully. "But even if it has, it would do to put a flower in for the window; I think I'll take it home, anyway." She lifted the lid to look inside.

"Mercy me!" she cried, jumping back to the other side of the road; "*if it isn't brim full of gold pieces!*"

For a while she could do nothing but walk round and round her treasure, admiring the yellow gold, wondering at her good luck, and saying to herself about every two minutes, "Well, I *do* feel rich and grand!" Presently she began to think how she could take it home. She could see no other way than to fasten her shawl to it, and drag it after her along the road.

"It will be soon dark," she said to herself, "and folks will not see what I'm taking home with me. I'll have all the night to myself to think what I shall do with it. I can buy a grand house, and live like a queen. I need not do a stroke of work. I can sit all day by the fire with a cup of tea. Maybe I'd better give it to somebody to keep for me, and get a piece as I want it; or, maybe I'll bury it in the garden, and put *a bit* on the chimney, between the teapot and the



She dragged it along with her shawl.

spoons — for ornament. Ah! I feel so grand, that I don't know myself!"

By this time, being rather tired with dragging such a heavy weight, she stopped to rest.

When she turned to make sure that her treasure was safe, it wasn't a pot of gold at all, but a great lump of shining silver!

She stared at it, rubbed her eyes, and stared again; but she couldn't make it look like anything but a great lump of silver. "I was sure it was a pot of gold," she said at last, "but I must have been dreaming. Now this is a change for the better; it'll be far less trouble to look after. It would have been hard to keep gold pieces safe. I'm well rid of them; and with my bonny lump of silver I'm as rich as rich —!"

She set off homeward again, cheerfully planning all the grand things she was going to do with her money. It wasn't very long, however, before she stopped once more to rest.

Again she turned to look at her treasure. As

soon as she set eyes on it, she cried out in astonishment. "Oh, my!" said she, "now it's a lump of iron! Well, that beats all; and it's even better! I can sell it easily, and get scores of penny pieces for it. Yes, yes, it's much handier than all that gold and silver. Iron is a good thing to have in the house; you never can tell when it may be needed, and it'll sell — yes, it will sell well. Rich? I shall be just *rolling* in money."

On she went again, chuckling to herself over her good luck. Presently she glanced over her shoulder, "just to make sure it was there still," as she said to herself.

"O my!" she cried as soon as she saw it; "if it hasn't turned itself into a great stone this time! Now, how could it have known that I was wanting something to hold my door open? If that isn't a good change! Hurrah, it's a fine thing to have such good luck."

In a hurry to see how the stone would look in

its corner by her door, she hurried down the hill, and stopped at the foot, beside her own gate.

When she had unlatched it, she turned to unfasten her shawl from the stone, which this time seemed to lie unchanged. There was still plenty of light, and she could see quite plainly as she bent her stiff back to untie the shawl.

All of a sudden, it gave a jump and a squeal. It grew in a moment as big as a great horse; then it threw down four lanky legs, shook out two long ears, flourished a tail, and went off kicking its feet into the air and laughing like a naughty, mocking boy.

The old woman stared after it, till it was fairly out of sight.

“Well!” she said at last, “if I am not the luckiest body! Fancy me seeing the Fairy Cow all by myself, and making so free with it, too!”

Then she went into her cottage, and sat down by the fire to think over her good luck.

—JOSEPH JACOB (*Adapted*).

Sound words from
Section 394.

captive determined panic

BIRDS AND DOLLS¹

One day, when I had my bird room, I was dressing a doll for a young friend, and I laid it on my desk while I made the clothes.

Now on my desk I kept a small china box full of dried currants soaked soft, of which the birds were very fond. When a bird wanted one to eat, he would fly up on the desk and ask for one by looking at the box and then at me.

The first bird who came for a currant that morning was a thrush. The instant he saw the doll, he was struck with panic, and flew away.

I laughed at him, for I thought he was simply a coward, but I soon found that every bird in the room was afraid of it. Some of them flew quietly but quickly away, while others scolded and squawked, and made a great noise. When I held the doll up so that all the birds in the room

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could see it, they were as frightened as if the doll were a big cat, used to eating birds.

I thought that was droll, but I found afterwards that wild birds do not like dolls any better than tame ones. Once when I was watching the birds in a big yard full of trees, a little girl left her doll upon the ground, leaning against a tree.

The first birds who noticed it were a pair of bluejays, who had a nest in the yard. They came to the next tree, looked at the doll, and talked softly together. Then they swooped down as if to see if they could scare it. Finally they squawked at the poor doll and flew off.

Then two robins came to see what sort of thing was there. They were evidently a good deal scared, but kept their courage up by shouting, "He! he! he!" as they came near. One of them came slowly nearer and nearer till about a foot from the doll, when he suddenly sprang up as if it had started for him, and both of them gave loud shrieks and flew away in a panic.



The next visitor to the bugaboo was a red-headed woodpecker. The minute he saw it, he burst into a loud woodpecker chatter like "T-t-t-t-t!" growing louder and louder, and higher and higher, till it was almost a shriek, all the time with eyes fixed on the doll.

This strange performance excited all the birds around, and many of them came to see what was the matter. When the woodpecker had said all he wanted to, he suddenly stopped, and the birds flew away as if the show were over. Not a bird dared to go near the tree.

— OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Sound words from
Sections 346, 379.

confusion geography Honora
miserable noticing jewelry

HALF-DONE POLLY

I

"Polly, dear," said her mother, "I am growing unhappy because you are so careless. Your play-things are always being lost, your dolls have to wear each other's clothes, and everything is in confusion.

"Just think how silly it would seem if Aunt Kate and I never finished anything we began; if Aunt Kate sewed with big stitches, and said, 'Oh, that's well enough!' or, if she half painted her pictures, and half learned her songs, or if she left her gloves and ribbons and jewelry on the floor, and pushed them under the bureau with her foot.

"Do you think you will wake up some day and find yourself careful and orderly? No, indeed! you must try every day to put things in their places, and to remember that one thing all done is better than ten things half done."

"Why, mamma!" said Polly, "I forgot that I shall be the same kind of grown-up girl that I am a little girl. I'm not going to spoil myself; I am going to begin this very minute to be better."

Polly ran upstairs to her play-room and soon had the dolls' parlor in perfect order. I think she would have finished putting the whole house to rights, but after a while she became very sleepy. She laid herself down on the play-room sofa and was asleep in a few minutes.

She dreamed that her best doll, Mrs. Elizabeth Adora, called to her from the baby-house guest chamber, "Are you sound asleep, Miss Half-done Polly?"

"Yes, dear," said that young lady.

"I should like to be taken to walk before dinner."

So Polly took her in her arms, noticing with shame the one-sleeved Turkish jacket embroidered halfway round; the stockings that were no relation to each other; the boot on one foot and the

slipper on the other, and the petticoat and overskirt which did not belong together. She offered to stop and put on the doll's best dress, but Mrs. Elizabeth said she was in a hurry.

Just before they reached the gate, Polly heard a noise by a tall larch tree. Two robins were flying about in great distress, while three young ones lay upon the ground. She looked at the nest. "Why, what a silly house you had! I could build a better one myself; any one might know it would come to pieces. It's only half built, you foolish birds."

"You need'nt say anything, Miss!" said the birds. "You do everything so well yourself, you know." Then the doll smiled, and Miss Polly walked out of the gate and down the street.

II

Soon they came to a house where Miss Polly often went, and the best doll said she wished to go in to call. They found everything in a sad condition. There was no one in the parlor. Some one

had begun to sweep, and had gone off and left it all dusty; the vases and books and ornaments were all in confusion on the tables and chairs.

“When I went to bed last night,” said the best doll, “the furniture in my whole house was in a heap together, and the kitten slept upon my best dress.”

“Nobody spoke to you,” said Polly. She hurried across the hall and found the family in the dining room at breakfast. They were only half awake. They did not seem so glad to see their guests as usual, but one of the older children pushed up a chair, and she sat down.

Polly tried to eat one thing after another from the plateful they gave her, but nothing was good. “I believe that breakfast was only half cooked,” said she as she ran out, feeling very hungry and miserable. She found a cent in her pocket and went into a shop for a stick of candy, but the woman only gave her half a one.

“It was a *whole* cent,” said Polly to herself, sor-

rowfully, as she came away. "You old doll, I am having a horrid walk with you, and I never shall go again. I am not going another step."

"What is the use?" said Mrs. Elizabeth Adora, in the most provoking way. "You know that you might as well go on as go back. You could only get halfway home."

"I have a great mind to throw you into the river," said Polly, much frightened and very angry.

"But you know I should only half drown," said the best doll. Polly said to herself that even that would be better than nothing, and walked on.

Saddest of all, she now began to have the toothache. At last she had to sit down beside the road and hold her face with both hands. She saw a man coming toward her, who proved to be Dr. Smith, the dentist. He was a very pleasant man; he asked what the matter was, and looked at the little tooth and said, "Ho! that bit of a thing? I have some pincers in my pocket, and I'll take it out in a minute."



"I'll take it out in a minute".

Polly opened her mouth, and the doctor began to pull slowly and very hard. "There, dear," said he, "don't scream any more; it's all right."

Polly felt it with her tongue. "O, dear!" said she, "it isn't out, and it aches worse. Do pull it all out." But the doctor answered, as he walked away, "That's the way we pull them now."

It was luck that Miss Polly Oliver was only dreaming, for she forgot this trouble immediately. Next she looked in at the door of a school house. She saw the boys go to the blackboard and do half their sums, and sit down again. The little girls knew half their arithmetic tables and the first half of the long geography words. "I don't think this is so bad," she thought, but then she wondered if by and by they wouldn't wish they knew the whole of those lessons.

"Is the world always going to be like this, Mrs. Elizabeth? I wish you would tell me what is the matter with everybody to-day."

"I should think it was very easy to see. If you

do not like having halves of things for an hour, how do you suppose we dolls like it all the time?"

"Dear," said Polly, "I have a lovely piece of blue silk at home, and some yellow lace. I have been thinking for ever so long that I would ask Honora to make you such a pretty dress."

"You are very kind," said the best doll, "but I have no idea of going home yet. I know where some boys are going to half drown a nice Maltese kitten, and I should like to be there."

"O dear me!" cried Miss Polly, "I should just die. Oh, please don't go to see that. I love kittens so dearly, and I will always do the whole of everything, if you will only let me go home."

"Wake up, Miss Polly; it's almost dinner-time," said somebody, and she felt as if it were the first kind voice she had heard for a year.

"Oh, Auntie," said she, "I am not going to be Half-done Polly another day. I'm going to have things all done. I have had the most dreadful time."

—SARAH O. JEWETT (*Abridged*).

HAPPY AS A KING

I know a little man
Who is happy all day long;
He works as hard's he can,
And he cheers his life with song;
For as he works he sings,
You can hear him if you may,
The little village rings
With his singing all the day.
"Tap, tap, tap, I'm as happy as a king;
Tap, tap, tap, I can work and I can sing."

In summer days he throws
His window open wide,
And everybody knows
Of the happy man inside;
For wafted on the wind
Comes the music of his lays,
And if you have a mind,
You can hear whate'er he says.
And whether shine or shower,

It is all the same to him,
From morning's earliest hour,
Till the light of day is dim,
He works and sings his song,
And he smiles to every one,
While all the village throng
Round his door when school is done.

“I've got my work,” he sings,
“To provide me food and clothes,
And my labor ever brings
All the sweets of sound repose;
And so I sing my song,
Working on from morn till night;
If anything goes wrong,
I just sing to set it right.
“Tap, tap, tap, I'm as happy as a king;
Tap, tap, tap, while I mend my boots and shoes;
Tap, tap, tap, I can work and I can sing,
And I think that all the people can be happy if
they choose.”

—GABRIEL SETOUN.

THE TRAVELING CLOAK

When the little lame prince twisted himself around—what do you think he saw? A little old woman. Her hair was gray, and her dress was gray, and there was a gray shadow over her whenever she moved. But she had the sweetest smile, and the prettiest hands, and when she spoke it was in the softest voice imaginable.

“You are very welcome, madam,” said the prince; “may I ask who you are?”

“I am your godmother.”

“Hurrah!” cried the little prince.” I am glad, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me?”

So they sat down together and played. By and by they began to talk. “Are you very dull here?” asked the little old woman, “and do you want anything?”

“Yes, promise me that you will never go away.”

"I must; but I will leave a present behind me — something as good as myself to amuse you — something that will take you wherever you want to go, and show you all that you wish to see."

"What is it?"

"A traveling cloak."

"I don't want a cloak, for I never go out. I can't walk, you know."

"The more reason why you should ride."

Just then there sounded outside the room a rattle of plates and dishes.

"It's my nurse, and she is bringing my dinner. Will her coming drive you away, godmother?"

"Only for a little while. Wish for me, and I'll come."

When the door was flung open, his lovely old godmother had melted away just like the rainbow out of the sky as he had watched it many a time. Nobody but his nurse was in the room.

And what of the traveling cloak?

I'll tell you all about it.

Outside it was the commonest looking bundle imaginable — shabby and small. It seemed no treasure at all, but a mere piece of cloth, circular in form, dark green in color, worn and shabby. It was split at the center, forming a round hole for the neck — and that was all.

The prince spread it out on the floor and then arranged it on his shoulders. It felt very warm and comfortable. “What use will it be to me?” said he, sadly. “She must be rather a funny person, this dear godmother of mine.”

He folded it carefully and put it away in a safe corner of his toy cupboard. There it lay, and by and by he forgot all about it.

The little lame prince fell ill. He lay all day long on his sofa. Now and then he longed to get up and do something. “How nice it must be to be a bird! If legs are no good, why cannot one have wings! I am so tired, so tired. Godmother dear, have you forsaken me?”

He dropped his head on his hands. As he did

so, he felt somebody kiss him at the back of his neck, and found that he was resting on the shoulder of the little old woman in gray.

How glad he was to see her! He put both his arms round her neck and kissed her.

"Now, my prince, where is your traveling cloak?"

The prince blushed. "I — I put it away in the cupboard; I suppose it is still there."

"You never have used it; you dislike it? Bring it out of the rubbish cupboard and shake the dust off it," she said to the prince, who hung his head, rather ashamed. "Spread it out on the floor, wait till the split closes, and the edges turn up like a rim all round. Then go and open the skylight — mind, I say, open the skylight. Set yourself down in the middle of the cloak like a frog on a water-lily leaf; when you want to go traveling on it, say, *Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum*; when you want to come back again, say *Abracadabra, tum, tum, ti*. That's all; good-by."

The prince with one or two jumps reached the cupboard and looked for his traveling cloak.

Alas! it was not there.

He sat on the floor looking at the empty shelves and then burst into tears. "It is all my own fault," he cried. "I ought to have taken better care of my godmother's gift."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a silvery voice. "Open your eyes, my prince, and see what you shall see.

He turned eagerly around and beheld, lying in a corner of the room, all dust and cobwebs, his precious traveling cloak. He hugged and kissed it, cobwebs and all.

When the prince had patiently untied all the knots, a remarkable thing happened. The cloak began to undo itself. Slowly unfolding, it laid itself down on the carpet as flat as if it had been ironed; the split joined with a little sharp crick-crack; the rim turned up all round till it was breast high. The cloak became quite large enough for one person to sit in as if in a boat.



The Prince and the Traveling Cloak

The prince sprang right into the middle of the cloak ; he squatted down, wrapping his arms tight round his knees. His heart beat fast, but there he sat waiting for what might happen next.

Nothing did happen, and he began to feel disappointed, when he remembered the words he had been told to repeat, *Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum !* He repeated them, laughing all the while, they seemed such nonsense. And then — the cloak rose slowly, till it nearly touched the skylight. He suddenly remembered his godmother's command — “Open the skylight.” The minute the window was opened, out the cloak sailed — right out into the clear, fresh air.

The little prince had never felt such a sensation before. The evening breeze was so sweet and fresh, it kissed him like his godmother's kisses ; and by and by the stars came out. By this time, however, the cool breeze had become cold, the mist gathered, and the poor prince was not very comfortable — he began to shiver.

"Perhaps I had better go home," thought he.

But how? The other words his godmother had told him to use were forgotten. As he tried to remember them, the cloak went faster and faster through the dusky air.

The poor little prince began to feel frightened. "Dear godmother," he cried, "do help me!" Instantly the words came rushing into his head, *Abracadabra, tum, tum, ti*. Yes, the cloak began to turn slowly and started back immediately.

He reached the skylight, and slipped in, cloak and all, as easily as he had got out. The instant he was off, the cloak folded itself up into the tiniest possible parcel, tied all its own knots, and rolled of its own accord into the farthest corner of the room.

When he crept into his little bed, his last thought was, "I must be up early to-morrow morning and get my lessons done, and then I'll go traveling all over the world on my beautiful cloak."

— DINAH MULOCK CRAIK (*Adapted*).

poisonous

wizard

herb

distributed

biscuits

deserve

SIKKU, THE COWHERD

I

There was once in Finland a boy named Sikku, who tended his master's cows on the mountain.

He had only one treasure in the world, an old pocketknife; and only one friend, a long-nosed, long-tailed, yellow dog named Kettu. They shared a piece of hard bread for their meals, but all summer long there were fruits to be had on the mountains — strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and bird cherries. When the weather grew cold and stormy, Sikku longed for the farmhouse kitchen and the porridge pot, which he was allowed to scrape; and Kettu for the spoon, which he was allowed to lick, and the pussy cat's milk, which he stole whenever he got a chance.

One summer day Sikku climbed the mountain and left Kettu in the valley below guarding his

fifteen cows. As far as he could see were woods, marshes, and lakes; he had not dreamed that the world was so wide. He took out his birch-bark horn and played on it a little nonsense song:—

“Mountain, mountain, *tutu tutu falidu!*

There is never a boy in the world but I,
Watches his cows from a place so high.

Tutu tutu falidu!”

As he sang, a little old woman came up. “Give me your white cow,” she said, “and tell your master a wolf has killed her. If you do, you shall have all the land you can see.”

“No,” said Sikku, “I’m not so stupid as that!”

“Then blame yourself,” said the little old woman, who was really a witch, and she jumped down the mountain.

Kettu began to bark in the valley below. Sikku ran down and found the white cow drowned in the marsh. When he went home with only fourteen, he was beaten, and the next day he was given no bread to take with him.

While he sat there too sad and hungry to sing, the old wizard who lived with the witch came to him and said, "If you will give me your black cow and say the wolf has killed her, I will give you all the land you can see from the mountain top."

"No, I'm not so stupid as that," said Sikku.

"Then blame yourself," said the wizard, and vanished.

Kettu barked, and when Sikku ran down, he found that the black cow had eaten some poisonous leaves, and lay dead on the hillside.

When he went home with only thirteen cows, he was kept in a cellar three days without food, and when on the fourth, he was sent out with the cows, he found only a stone in his food bag.

This day he did not leave his cows at all, but sat on the stump of a tree among them.

Then the wizard's beautiful daughter came and patted him on the cheek, offering him soft biscuits as she said, "If you will give me your red cow,



Sikku and the Wizard's Daughter.

and say a bear killed her, you shall have this biscuit and all the land you can see from the top of the mountain."

Sikku was so hungry that he had to bite his tongue to keep from saying yes, as he looked at the wizard's daughter.

"No," he said, "I am not so stupid as that!"

"Then blame yourself!" said she, and she turned into a magpie and flew away into the wood.

Presently the red cow lay dying of a snake bite, and Sikku had to go home with only twelve cows.

"What do you deserve?" cried the angry farmer.

"I couldn't help it," said Sikku. "Three times they promised me all the land I could see from the mountain top if I would steal and lie; but I wouldn't."

"Indeed!" said the farmer. "Well, that's all my land, and if you have as many as nine cows left at the end of the month, I'll give it to you! But — meanwhile — how shall I punish you?"

“ Tie him and leave him on the mountain top,” said the farmer’s wife. “ If he is hungry, he can eat the view.”

II

All day long Sikku lay there bound and hungry. The fragrant forest was around him; the lake glittered in the sunshine through the branches of the trees. The dews of evening fell; the stars twinkled and the moon came out. But all the while the dog Kettu stayed with him. Instead of running home to get his porridge and steal the cat’s milk, he stayed and licked Sikku’s hands and feet, until they both fell asleep in the moonlight.

Now it happened that there was a war in the country. That very night some of the enemy came. They made prisoners of the farmer and his servants, and drove away his twelve cows. All their prisoners they kept in a place near the shore with a few men to guard them, while most of the soldiers went on to rob other farms and villages.

In the morning, when the little cowherd awak-

ened, he saw his dog biting a soldier in the leg. Several men had climbed the mountain to get a view of the country. Rough as they were, they pitied Sikku, unbound him, and gave him bread before they carried him off to their camp.

There he found his master among the prisoners tied to trees. When the soldiers were all asleep, he quietly cut, with his old pocketknife, the cords that bound the prisoners. They did not wait to thank him, but ran away and escaped as best they could.

Sikku found nine of the cows that had belonged to his master, and he and his dog drove them up among the mountains. The other three had been killed and eaten by the soldiers.

Some days later the enemy went away, and there was again peace in the country.

The farmer and his wife settled into their old ways; but they were always sighing, "If only we had our cows again!"

One day they looked up and saw a bareheaded,

barefooted boy and a yellow dog driving nine cows down the hillside.

“Isn’t that Sikku with Kettu?” asked the farmer.

“Are not those our cows?” asked his wife.

“Master,” said the boy, as he came into the farmyard, “what did you promise me if you had as many as nine cows left at the end of the month? Here they are.”

“Well,” said the farmer, “I think you are rather young to have all the land now; but if you stay with us, we will treat you as our son, and you shall have the land when you grow up.”

At this Sikku was so happy that he would have tossed his cap in the air, if he had had a cap. And Kettu felt so much at home that he was already chasing pussy from her saucer of milk.

— ZACHRIS TOPELIUS, *translated and adapted by Maria Sandahl.*

Waste not, want not.

Sound words from
Sections 388, 396.

myriad amethyst amber

THE RAINBOW

After the rain goes by,
Curving across the sky,
Behold the bow of light, —
God's promise shining bright!
Under this glowing arch
The myriad mist folk march,
And yonder — lo, the Sun!
 Glistens the grass once more,
 The birds sing at the door,
 Blue the sky as before,
 And the rain is done.

Slowly the meadow mist
Melts into amethyst;
Slowly the rainbow fair
Fades in the amber air;
Wakes in the west a breeze
Whispering through the trees
The secrets of the Sun.

Gleams like a gem the rose,
Open its red door blows,
Thither the glad bee goes,—
And the rain is done!

— FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Sound words from
Sections 376, 388.

| | | |
|-------------|---------|--------|
| entangled | pygmies | credit |
| interrupted | league | deny |

THE LAST OF THE FROST GIANTS

I

Far in the north was the Land of Giants; but long ago Thor had killed all but one of the giants with his great hammer.

This one hid in an iceberg, and there he lived until last year. Nobody knew how old he was — perhaps three or four thousand years. He was very tall — perhaps a mile high, and very stupid — at least six miles stupid.

He spent most of his time sleeping, but once in a hundred years he awoke and looked round the world.

Long ago the Frost Giants had for their servants cunning little goblins who knew everything except how to make sunshine. Now there was only one of them left to serve the last of the Frost Giants, and he watched while his master slept.

Last year, shortly before Christmas, the Frost Giant awoke, kicked a hole in the iceberg, and stretched his stiff legs.

“What time is it?” he asked the goblin.

“A hundred years nearer the end of the world.”

“So, so! Has any one been here who is wiser and stronger than I?”

“How could that be, master? You are the wisest and strongest giant in the world!”

“But I am growing old.”

“That does not matter. You grow wise and strong while you sleep; and nobody sleeps more soundly than you do.”

“Let us take a walk. Climb up on my back. People grow more stupid every day. Let us see what they have come to this last hundred years.”

The goblin scrambled up and sat like a fly on the giant's neck. Then the giant stretched himself, pulled on his seven-league boots, and took a great step across Lapland.

"What are those black lines in the snow?" he asked.

"Those are railroads, master, by which people can travel many miles an hour."

"Can they go as fast as this?" asked the giant, and took another step over Norway. But there he became entangled in a telegraph wire and nearly broke one of his legs.

"What are these things—fox snares?" he asked.

"No," said the goblin, "people talk to one another on these silly threads."

The giant did not understand this, but he took another step and stopped before a cottage from which came a very pleasant smell.

"What are the pygmies cooking?" he asked.

"They are making coffee."

"Coffee! What kind of porridge is that?"

“It isn’t a porridge; it’s a brown soup that makes them all cheerful.”

“Let us taste it,” said the giant, but of course with the next step he was seven leagues away.

Seeing a tiny black object in the snow, he picked it up and put it in his mouth.

“That’s a tough morsel,” said he. “What is it? Dried reindeer flesh?”

“No,” said the goblin. “That’s a rubber boot, which some traveler has lost in the snow.”

“What do they use it for?”

“To keep their feet dry in snowy weather.”

“Snow? I will give them snow!” The Frost Giant threw down the rubber boot, and blew up a great storm until all the ground was covered with snowdrifts.

“Now,” said he, “let us go back to that coffee-pot.”

But in his own snowstorm he could not see very well, so he made a mistake and stepped into the ocean.



The Last of the Frost Giants.

"The water in this puddle reaches up to my knees," said he; and no doubt he would have been glad then to have a pair of rubber boots. His feet began to melt in the water, and he had to step back to land.

II

Next he came to a village in Finland where he saw some children coasting down a hillside. "Are those frogs?" he asked.

"No, master, those are children. We had better run away," warned the goblin.

"Ho, ho!" said the giant, "I have slept so long that I have forgotton how people look." He stretched out his long arm and caught a boy by the hair. All the others ran away in fright.

The giant stared hard at his prisoner. He was a boy ten years old, called Matthew Quickwit, and he was a credit to his name. His heart was in his mouth, but he kept back his tears and looked the giant straight in the face.

"Ha, ha!" said the giant, "are you one of

the pygmies that ride on railways and speak through fox snares? You may think you are wise, but I am the wisest being in all the world."

"Prove it," said Matthew, bravely. "Give me three riddles to guess, and I will give you three. If you guess mine —"

"I shall eat you up," interrupted the giant.

"All right," said Matthew. "And if I guess yours, I shall eat you up."

The giant chuckled and stood the little boy on his head in the snow. In a moment Matthew was on his feet and said, "Begin!"

"Master," whispered the goblin, "be very careful. Even the wisest giant in the world may be fooled by these silly mortals."

"Be quiet," shouted the giant. "I am hungry! Three riddles! Well, what is it that you are and I am not?"

"Ten years old," said Matthew Quickwit.

"Well, I cannot deny that. Now, what is it that I am and you are not?"

Matthew wanted to say "stupid!" but instead he answered politely, "A thousand years old!"

"Ho, ho!" said the giant, "I cannot deny that. Now what is it that you and I are not?"

"Crocodiles," answered Matthew.

"Crocodiles? What are they?"

"Well, mice, if you know what they are."

"Mice? Well, I cannot deny that," said the giant, rather worried. "Now it's your turn."

"Who was born ages ago and will not die till the end of the world, yet is not five weeks old?"

"Nobody knows that," said the giant.

"Yes, it's the moon. Well, who yawns all the time?"

"Myself?" asked the giant.

"No, the crack in the wall. Well, here's a third. A bird without wings and feet flew into a tree. It was shot by a man without a mouth, fried without a pan, and eaten without salt."

"Eat him up," whispered the goblin.

The giant wished to keep his word, and tried to guess the riddle; but he had to give it up.

"It's the snow," said Matthew, "and the sun that melts it."

"Well," said the giant, "you may be wiser than I am, but you are not so strong."

"I don't know," said Matthew. "Could you move this mountain twenty-five thousand miles and have it back in its place to-morrow?"

"No," said the giant; "nobody could."

"But I learned at school," said Matthew, "that I have only to sit on the mountain top for twenty-four hours, and by the end of that time the earth will have spun round on its axis and the mountain will be back here again."

"He's fooling you, master," whispered the goblin.

"Well," said Matthew, "you can't do anything, it seems to me. You can't even put your head through the door of our house."

The giant tried. Again and again he dashed

his icy head against the wall so that the splinters flew; but at last, out of breath, he gave up and said that he could not do it.

Matthew ran into the house and put his head out of the window, saying, "How do you do, giant? Now I shall eat you up!"

The giant thought this so funny that he began to laugh for the first time in two thousand years. The more he laughed, the faster he melted. His ears went first, his head flattened against the wall, his ice heart thawed, his feet became water in the sea. Laughter and sunshine made an end of him. He tumbled all together in a heap of slush. The terrified goblin ran away to the woods.

The village children were sorry to see the Frost Giant go; they did not think he had eaten many children. One of the little girls took a stick and wrote in the snow:

"Here lies the last of the Frost Giants. He was large and stupid, but he did no harm."

—ZACHRIS TOPELIUS, *translated and adapted by Maria Sandahl.*

THE SEA, THE FOX, AND THE WOLF

A fox that lived by the seashore once met a wolf that had never seen the sea. The wolf said, "What is the sea?"

"It is a great piece of water by my dwelling," said the fox.

"Is it under your control?" said the wolf.

"Certainly," said the fox.

"Will you show me the sea?" said the wolf.

"With pleasure," said the fox.

So the fox led the wolf to the sea, and said to the waves, "Now go back," — and they went back! "Now come up," — and they came up! Then the fox said to the waves, "My friend, the wolf has come to see you, so you will come up and go back till I bid you stop." The wolf saw, with wonder, the waves coming up and going back.

He said to the fox, "May I go into the sea?"

"As far as you like. Don't be afraid, for at my word, the sea will go or come as you have already seen."

The wolf believed the fox, and followed the waves far from the shore. A great wave soon upset him and he was drowned. The fox made a hearty breakfast of him, saying, "The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue." — *Indian Fable.*

BOB WHITE

There's a plump chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe and stacked the corn:

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight — but hark again:

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hides his plump little wife and babies fair;
So contented is he and proud of the same;
That he wants all the world to know his name:

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

— GEORGE COOPER.

Sound words from Sections 380, 389

Chiron Achilles centaurs fauns dryads



SILVER-FOOTED THETIS

A young Greek named Peleus lived at the court of a king. One day when he was out hunting in the forest with the king's men they tried to kill him.

Peleus gave a cry when they closed in upon him with drawn swords; in that instant there came another cry behind them and a great noise of hoofs. A huge four-footed creature clattered among them. When they saw that it had the trunk of a man set upon the great body and the four legs of a horse, they ran away in terror.

Peleus, left alone with the strange being, knew at once that it must be one of the wood creatures that men called centaurs. Yet he was not afraid, for this centaur had the face of a kind old man.

Peleus said, "Stranger, you have saved my life. May I know whom I must thank?"

"I am Chiron," said the centaur. "Jupiter sent me to help you. Now it will not be safe for you to go back to the palace; you must come and live with me in my cave. You are a hunter, so it will be a lodging after your own heart."

They began to climb the steep woodland paths, and presently came to a long and high cavern on the mountain top. It was overgrown with purple clematis and glossy ivy, and near the entrance was a spring of clear water.

Within the cave was a fire of pine logs that lighted up the rocky walls, and showed beds of soft grass covered with deerskins and a warm supper on the hearth.

Here Peleus lived for a long time with Chiron.

All day they hunted together. Chiron taught him the ways of all the wild things in the woods, the notes of every bird, the uses of all the plants, and the signs of the weather. He taught him also to run and wrestle and leap and throw the spear, till he became as swift as a deer, as agile as a wild cat, and as strong as a mountain bull.

In the winter when the north wind blew snow and sleet in among the pines, they sat by the fire in the cave, making bows and arrows or cups and plates of beechwood. Then Chiron told tales of the heroes of long ago, and filled the mind of the young man with wisdom.

One day in spring when the grass was covered with crocuses and violets, Peleus saw a man who looked like a young shepherd coming down the sunny slope. Chiron also saw him and knew him to be Mercury, the messenger of Jupiter. He sent Peleus away hunting. As soon as the young man had gone, Mercury told the will of the gods, as you shall see.

The next morning, Chiron said, "Peleus, I need the juice of a certain flower for salve that I am making. It is the yellow sea poppy that grows all along the shore. But to be of use, it must be gathered by moonlight."

"That is easily done," said Peleus; "I will go to-night, for it is full moon."

In the evening he went down to the sea and sat among the rocks until the moon should rise. Being weary, he fell asleep. He was awakened by the sound of singing above the murmur of the spray.

He looked up and saw a ring of sea-maidens dancing on the sand, their white feet twinkling in the moonlight, and their sweet song rising like the notes of a thousand larks.

One of them passed so near Peleus that he could look for a moment into her dark, shadowy eyes; then she gave a startled cry and plunged into the waves. All the others, like a flock of white sea birds, scurried into the waters and disappeared.

In the gray dawn Peleus went sadly up the mountain side, and said to Chiron, "I forgot all about your poppies, for I saw the sea-maidens dancing on the sand, and their song is still ringing in my ears. There was one among them who looked me in the face. Help me to find her."

"It may be," said Chiron, "that I can help you. The maiden who passed near you was silver-footed Thetis, the youngest daughter of the sea-king himself. If you would keep her, this is what you must do. To-night you must hide among the rocks and watch until she comes so near that you can seize her in your arms. She will try to get away, and she will change her form so that you will not know what you are holding; but if you can hold her until she speaks, the spell will be broken and she will not be able to escape."

The next night Peleus waited again in the shadow of the rocks, and again the sea-maiden came and looked at him. This time he seized her and held her fast. At her shrill cry, her sisters

all plunged beneath the waves, and she tried to follow them; but Peleus would not let her go.

“Speak to me, Thetis,” he implored, but silently she fought to get away.

Presently he found to his horror that he was holding, not a sea-maiden, but a great sea snake, ringed with green and purple, coiling and twisting to free itself.

There came a cloud across the moon, and he was no longer clutching slippery coils, but sleek fur. When he could see again, he found in his arms a black panther that snarled and drove its sharp claws into his side.

“Speak to me, Thetis,” he implored; but the powerful beast gave a spring that dragged him headlong on the sand.

Still he held it fast; then before his very eyes, it changed to a huge tawny lion that roared and then snapped its great jaws on his arm. The lion dragged him so fiercely toward the sea that he knocked his head against a rock and lay stunned.

When he came to his senses, he was lying on the wet beach with something soft and brown in his hand. He lifted it to see whether it was a lock of the lion's mane or a strip of seaweed.

"You are pulling my hair," said a soft voice.

He turned and saw the sea-maiden by his side. Now that she had spoken, the spell was undone. She told him how the sea people have the power to change their form three times when they are captured; but if through these changes they are unable to escape, they must stay with the mortal who holds them.

Then he told how, by the will of the gods, he had been sent to gather sea poppies. She smiled and plucked a handful of them saying she would take them home to Chiron.

They went together through the forest and up the mountain to the home of the centaur. All the way the sea-maiden cried out at the strange things she saw, and made Peleus tell her the names of the wild flowers, the birds, the rabbits, and the

squirrels. She called them all "Little Brother" or "Little Sister" until she knew their names.

When they came to the cave, Peleus said, "Chiron, here is the sea-king's daughter, silver-footed Thetis. She has brought you the yellow poppies."

"That is well, my son," said the centaur. "I see by the look of your arm that the healing salve comes just in time."

They then went into the cave and saw that Chiron had made ready a great feast, as if he had known all along what would happen.

As the sun sank below the hills, there began to come torchbearers through the dark woods. There were fauns like beautiful shepherd boys, but goat-footed and with curved horns among their curls. There were the graceful dryads, the fairies who live in the trees, and all sorts of other creatures.

Then suddenly the sound of exquisite music arose in the air. The fauns ceased playing their shepherd pipes, and all the creatures of the wood



“Chiron, here is the sea-king's daughter.”

listened. The gods from Olympus came down and filled the cave of Chiron. Among them sat the bride, veiled from head to foot in a garment of gossamer and moonbeams spun by the forest spiders.

There was a great feast of such food as is to be found in the woodlands, of venison, oatcakes, and honey, with elder-blossom wine.

Afterward, Apollo and the Muses sang wonderful songs, and the gods gave splendid gifts. At last Apollo played a wedding march, and all the guests, singing together, escorted the bride to the home that Peleus had built for himself in the woods. It was made of fir logs and thatched with reeds and moss; and there was a bright fire burning on the hearth.

Then Peleus lifted the silver-footed Thetis across the threshold, that she might not stumble, and, as the Greeks thought, bring misfortune upon the house. This is the way that the sea-king's daughter came to live in the woods among the mountains.

Afterward she had a little son named Achilles, who fought many battles in the Trojan War. His wonderful deeds were sung by Homer, the blind minstrel, who was one of the greatest poets in the world.

— *Greek Myth.*

A CHILD'S PRAYER

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow —
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

— M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

Sound words from
Sections 393, 394, 396.

Cornelius expensive asbestos
chemical instantaneous vial

KINDLING A FIRE

A Story of Grandfather's Youth

"Cornelius, you could not have banked the fire last night so carefully as you ought," said his mother.

"Indeed, I did, mother, but we sat up longer than I expected to, and there were not many coals to bank. David will run over to neighbor Wilson's and borrow some fire, I know. David, if you will, I will do all your chores."

David agreed at once, and, taking an iron skillet, he ran down the road to the nearest neighbor's. It was far from pleasant on a sharp December morning to have no fire in the house, and the more quickly he could borrow some, the better.

David had heard Cornelius tell that somebody had invented "instantaneous-light" boxes by means of which a person could make a fire in an instant. This morning as he hurried on his

errand, his fingers tingling with the cold, he thought he would like just such a box.

“Good morning, David!” said Mrs. Wilson, as she opened the door for the boy. Then, seeing the skillet, she said pleasantly, “You would like some coals, wouldn’t you?”



A roaring fire burned in the great kitchen fireplace. Mrs. Wilson drew out a shovelful of live coals for David.

“Tell your mother,” she said, as the little boy started home, “to send over here any time when she needs fire, for we are not likely to be without

it. Mr. Wilson brought home one of the new instantaneous-light boxes last night. Sometime when we are going to use one of the new chemical matches in the box, I will send over for you to come and see it burn."

David thanked Mrs. Wilson politely and scampered home as fast as a boy could go with a heavy iron dish of live coals. As he reached the fireplace, the minister entered the room.

"Lost your fire, did you?" he asked. "I might have saved you the time of going out for coals. I have with me some of the new matches."

David wished he could put out every coal which he was now placing carefully on the freshly laid sticks in the fireplace.

"Perhaps you would like to see how one of these matches works?" the minister said to Mrs. Hyde.

"I should be very glad to see one used after breakfast when we light the fire in the best room," she said.

David wished to see a match lighted that moment, for he did not know how expensive the little box was, and how sparingly the minister used the matches.

After breakfast they left the table to go into the best room. "Now," said the minister, when it was time to light the fire, "here are the matches," and he showed some little sticks. "Here is the vial that must go with them," he added, showing a small bottle containing asbestos soaked with acid. "And this lights the match!" the minister said, thrusting the tip of the match into the asbestos.

It did. The tip of the match flamed on touching the acid. The minister bent down and applied the match to the neatly laid kindlings.

Oh, how easy! David had hoped his father would bring him a drum when he came from Portland, but now he wished for nothing so much as a box of matches.

—GERTRUDE L. STONE and M. GRACE FICKETT (*Abridged*).

| | | |
|----------|-----------|----------|
| mosquito | celebrate | provoked |
| ravine | eternal | icicles |
| skis | terrific | mumbled |

SAMPO, THE LITTLE LAPP

Sampo was a little Lapland boy. There were no trees in the place where his father and mother lived, so they made a tent of reindeer skins, with a hole in the top for smoke to escape.

Sampo grew until he was a chubby little boy, seven or eight years old, with black eyes and hair, a pug nose, and a very wide mouth, which in Lapland is considered a mark of beauty. He had his own little skis, on which he went down the high hills by the river, and his own reindeer and sledge.

His mother was always worrying because he wandered so far from home. "What will become of him," she said, "if he meets the Old Reindeer with the Gilded Antlers that lives on the Big Mountain?"

"I should like to see that reindeer," said Sampo to himself. And he asked his mother, "Who lives on the Big Mountain?"

His mother thought it would be a good plan to frighten him so that he would not go near the mountain. She said, "The great Mountain King, who eats a reindeer at a mouthful and swallows little boys as if they were mosquitoes!"

One day, several weeks after Christmas, Sampo began to grow tired of the darkness. He longed for daylight that he might see better to go on skis. It was so long since summer that he could remember nothing about that time except the hungry mosquitoes.

One day his father called him to the door of the tent and said, "Look."

Sampo looked and saw a red streak low on the dark sky. "What is it?" he asked.

"It means," said his father, "that to-morrow or the next day, we shall see the sun again."

As Sampo looked at the red light on the Big

Mountain, he thought what fun it would be to go and see the great Mountain King. He did not mean to go very near, but thought he would like to watch from a distance.

It was cold ; the stars were shining ; the snow crunched under his feet. But Sampo was dressed in furs from head to foot, and he was used to darkness and cold. He harnessed his own reindeer to his sledge, and away he went across the plains and over the frozen river. As he went, he sang a little verse that he knew :

“Short is the day,
Long is the way ;
Then hasten along
To the trip of song ;
Nor linger here,
The wolves are near.”

Indeed, all the time he was singing, Sampo saw the gray wolves running through the darkness ; but he was not afraid, for he knew that they could not overtake his reindeer. The wind



Sampo and his Reindeer

whistled by as they sped over the hills. The moon in the sky seemed to race with them, and the mountains looked as if they were running backward away from them.

Suddenly at a sharp turn, the sledge tipped over and flung Sampo into a snowdrift. The reindeer ran away and left him alone with his mouth full of snow. He could not even call out to stop his reindeer until it was too late.

He was frightened when he saw the Big Mountain just before him. He was afraid the king would come out and snap him up, mittens and all, as if he were a mosquito. He wished he were at home in the tent with his father and mother, but he did not know how to get there. He began to cry, and the tears froze and rolled like peas down his jacket. He saw that this was of no use, and began to run about to keep from freezing.

Soon he said, "I can't do this forever. I will climb up to the hall of the Mountain King. If he eats me, he eats me — and there's an end!"

But he had scarcely begun to climb before a shaggy wolf came up beside him and said, "Who are you, little pygmy?"

"Sampo," said the boy. "Who are you?"

"I am the Mountain King's Court Wolf. I have been running about to summon all his people to celebrate the rising of the sun. As you are going my way, jump on my back."

"How do you celebrate?" asked Sampo, as they flew across ravines.

"It's this way," said the wolf. "Now that the long winter night is over, all the animals and trolls in the whole North meet here on the mountain. For an hour at sunrise and at sunset, no one may harm another. But for that, Sampo, I should eat you up now. But if you stay too long, a hundred thousand wolves and a thousand bears, and even the Mountain King himself, will be after you. That will be the end of you, Sampo!"

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to take me away before there's any danger?" said Sampo.

The wolf laughed, "Not I. You are fat. You will make me a fine breakfast!"

Sampo was so frightened that he would have jumped off the wolf's back, but by this time they had reached the top of the mountain.

The king sat on a throne of rocks that pierced the sky. He wore a cap of white snow clouds; his eyes were like full moons; his nose was a great peak; his mouth a ravine; his beard was of long icicles. The northern lights shone rosy-red on his coat of snow.

Round him were millions of little gray goblins and fairies, so small that their footprints were like squirrel tracks. They had come together from as far away even as the North Pole to worship the sun, not because they loved him, but because they were afraid of his power.

On the other side were all the animals of Lapland, large and small, bears, wolves, deers, foxes — all except the mosquitoes, who, of course, were frozen to death.

Sampo jumped down from the wolf's back, and hid behind a rock to see what he could see.

The northern lights shot long rosy streaks like arrows across the snow. The Mountain King clapped his ice hands with a noise like thunder. The goblins piped and squeaked, and the animals mumbled with fear.

"So shall it be!" roared the Mountain King. "Eternal winter and eternal night!"

The goblins shouted with joy at this; but some of the animals grumbled because they liked summer better than winter, except for the mosquitoes.

One little reindeer piped up, "But are we not waiting here for the sun, O King?"

"Be still, you midget!" roared a polar bear. "So it used to be; but the sun will never come again. He is dead!"

"The sun is dead!" whispered the animals, and all nature shivered. But the goblins from the North Pole laughed till the caps flew off their heads.

The Mountain King thundered again, "Now all the world shall worship me, the king of eternal winter and eternal night!"

This provoked Sampo; he stepped out and said, "You are wrong, O King. Yesterday I saw the red light that goes before the sun."

The Mountain King forgot the law that he might not hurt anything at this time, and he was just stretching out his terrible arm to crush Sampo, when the first golden ray of the sun shot across his face. He was so astonished that he dropped his arm. The sunlight poured upon the mountains, snowdrifts, ravines, and all the creatures, shining into their eyes and warming their hearts. Even the goblins blinked their small gray eyes and made merry. The beard of the Mountain King began to melt and ran in great rivers down his coat.

Presently Sampo heard a reindeer say to her calf, "Come, child, we must away, or the wolves will eat us!"

Sampo leaped on the back of the deer that stood nearest, and which had splendid gilded antlers, and away they swept down the mountain.

"What is that strange noise?" asked Sampo after a time.

"That is the thousand bears scampering after to swallow us; but they will never touch my heels!" said the Reindeer of the Gilded Antlers.

Later Sampo asked again, "What is that strange noise?"

"That is the hundred thousand wolves running after to pull us to pieces; but no wolf has ever won a race against me!"

A third time Sampo spoke, "Is that thunder behind us?"

The reindeer trembled. "No, that is the Mountain King himself, and now it is all up with us!"

"Is there nothing to do?" asked Sampo.

"Not unless we can reach a house in time. He may not enter a house."

“Run, run, little reindeer,” said Sampo, “and you shall eat golden oats out of a silver manger!”

Just as they thought they were lost, they came to the house of a kind man, who opened the door himself. The Mountain King came and pounded so that they thought the house would fall to pieces.

“Who is that?” asked the kind man.

“Open for the Mountain King!” thundered a voice. “You have a child that belongs to me.”

“No,” said the kind man, “he is safe here.”

The Mountain King was so furious that he burst into a terrific storm. The snow fell until the house was almost buried; but in the morning the sun sent his rays and melted it away so that the people could go out again.

The kind man loaned Sampo a sledge, and the Reindeer with Gilded Antlers carried him safely home to his father.

Sampo grew up to be a great man and fed his reindeer on golden oats out of a silver manger.

— ZACHRIS TOPELIUS, *translated and adapted by Maria Sandahl.*

THE LITTLE LAND

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away;
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
 Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee
 Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,

And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
 And on high
See the greater swallows pass
 In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such thing as I.
Through the forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain pool sea to float.



"Where the clover tops are trees."

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green —
(These have sure to battle been!)
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone; —
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open and see all things plain;
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time —
O dear me,
That I could be

A sailor on that rain pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepyhead,
Late at night to go to bed.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

regiment

singular

voracity

tumult

officers

gorilla

AN ARMY OF ANTS

One day as I was plodding along in a vast forest of Africa in search of game, I was suddenly startled by a strange noise. I heard footsteps of wild beasts running away. I thought I caught a glimpse of a gorilla. Then I heard at a great distance a mighty crash as if elephants were running at great speed through the forest, breaking everything before them.

“What can all this mean?” I asked myself. I knew that something strange must have happened or was coming.

The insects that had begun to fly at the beginning of this tumult now grew thicker and thicker. Suddenly I was annoyed by fearful bites, and in less time than I have taken to write, I was covered by ants. I fled in the same direction the beasts had taken, for an army of ants was advancing and devouring every living thing in its way.

They are more powerful when combined in such an army than any other living thing in the forest. All other creatures are put to flight before their march; and no wonder!

These ants do not build a nest or house of any kind; they wander throughout the year, and seem never to have any rest. They are on the march day and night.

It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line, just as soldiers would do, and with quite as much order. The line is about two inches broad, and is often several miles long.

All along the line are larger ants, who act as

officers, standing outside the ranks, and keeping this singular army in order. The officers stand generally with their heads facing the soldiers. They remain thus until their squads have passed, and then join them, while others take their place.

When the ants are hungry, the long file spreads and scatters itself through the forest. Then they attack and devour all that comes within their reach with astonishing fury and voracity. The elephant and gorilla fly before them ; the leopard disappears from his den ; the black men run away for their lives ; for who would dare to meet such an army ?

When on their line of march the ants come to little streams, they throw themselves across and form a living bridge. This is done by a great number of ants, each of which clings with his fore claws to his next neighbor's body or hind claws. Thus they form a safe bridge, over which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order.

—PAUL DU CHAILLU (*Abridged*).

turnpike

errand

BEYOND THE TOLLGATE

One day Barbara took a longer walk than usual down a street which she had never followed before. Soon she came to a place where there was a gate across the road.

Barbara wondered about it, and stood watching until a woman drove up in a wagon. An old man came out of the little red house at the side of the gate. The woman gave him some money, then he opened the gate, and she went through.

The toll keeper was just going into his house again when he saw Barbara. "Did you want to go through, little girl?" said he.

"No, sir; I was only looking. How much would it cost?"

"Only a cent for you, dear," said the toll keeper, who seemed to be a very kind old man.

"Perhaps I shall go in some day," said Barbara, and he smiled at her as if he should be as glad as she if that ever happened.



Barbara at the Tollgate.

There was a little red seat at the side of the house. Barbara sat down and watched the people who drove and walked through the gate. You don't know what a good time Barbara had that afternoon. She was gone so long that her mother was afraid something had happened to her.

After this, Barbara thought of nothing so much as this tollgate and the pleasant tollgate man. Her father told her all about it; that it was a turnpike road, and they made people pay who went that way because it took a great deal of money to keep it in repair.

Little by little Barbara made up her mind that everything pleasant was to be found the other side of the tollgate.

One day when she had been to do an errand for her mother, she saw on the ground a five-cent piece. Barbara looked up the street and down, but could not see anybody, so went home as fast as she could run.

"You may have it," said her mother; "it is

not much, and if we hear of the owner, I will pay it back. I don't believe you could find the owner, there are so many people passing back and forth all day."

"I hope it did not belong to a little girl," said Barbara, gravely; "for she will be so sorry about it. May I spend it all at once?"

"What for?" asked her mother, smiling.

"To go through the tollgate with one cent, to come back with one cent, and to spend the other three in there. I would truly be back before it was late. Oh, please, mother!"

Little Barbara was in earnest about her plan, and her mother smiled. "What a funny girl you are," said she. "I wonder why you care about doing that?"

"It is so pleasant there," said Barbara. "I wish I could go." So Mrs. Snow said she might, but she must not wander too far, and must keep on the same side of the street all the way.

That very afternoon Barbara brushed her hair

smooth, put on her best dress and the hat she wore to church, kissed her mother good-by, and went away bravely down the street.

The toll keeper looked surprised and pleased when she came up to his window with the five-cent piece.

“I’m going through to-day, sir,” said she, and the old man nodded as he gave her four cents in change.

“I hope you will have a good time, my dear,” said he, kindly. Then Barbara took two or three steps, and was on the other side of the gate.

By and by, when she had walked out into the country a long way, she came to a house with rosebushes in bloom, and vines growing on strings fastened to the low eaves, — morning glories and scarlet runners. A pretty cat sat in the doorway; Barbara stopped to speak to her.

Just then somebody came to the door and said, “Don’t you want to come in and see the pussy?”

Barbara told about wishing to see what was

beyond the tollgate and that her mother had said that she might go as far as she liked.

“ You have walked a good way,” said her new friend. “ I think you had better come in to see me a little while and play with the cat ; perhaps I can find something else to show you.”

Barbara was really getting tired ; she was glad to unlatch the little gate and go into the house. In the room at the right of the door what should she see but another lady who looked exactly like the first. Barbara looked first at one and then the other with great wonder.

“ Why, you’re just alike ! ” she said.

“ We are twin sisters,” said the first one she had seen ; “ this is Miss Rhody Brown and I am Miss Ruthy.”

Barbara looked at them very hard ; she saw that one had a black bow on her cap and the other a green one, and one had a rounder face. This was Miss Rhody. She told her sister to fetch the kittens while she went into the next room and came

back with a little chair just large enough for Barbara. The kittens and the old cat played with some spools, and the sisters and their little visitor watched them, and laughed at their frolics.

Barbara had such a pleasant time. She told about her father and mother; she picked up the sisters' balls of yarn whenever they dropped them. They said to each other afterward how thoughtful and good she was.

At last Miss Ruthy disappeared for a few minutes. When she came back, she asked them to come out into the kitchen; there was a little round table spread with a feast for Barbara. There was milk in a China mug with a rose on it, and a plate of gingerbread cakes cut in ever so many different shapes, — a star, a heart, a leaf, and a cat; and there was a crisp turnover with a crinkly edge.

Barbara did not know what to say, it was such a surprise. She was really very hungry, and everything was so good. Miss Rhody said two or three

times she thought when she was making that turn-over, it was a pity some little girl couldn't have it.

It would have been very sad to say good-by if they had not told Barbara so many times that she must come and see them whenever she could and stay all day, if her mother was willing.

Just as she was getting her bonnet a man stopped at the door with a wagon, and the sisters asked him if he could take a little passenger as far as he went. Barbara kissed both her kind friends good-by, patted the cat and each of her kittens, and put one of each kind of cooky into her pocket. Then she was lifted to the high wagon seat, and they drove away.

The old ladies had picked some bright red roses for her, and she kept taking a sniff of these, because they were so sweet. The man was very kind; he told her that he had a little girl at home who went to ride with him in that very wagon almost every day. He stopped just before they came to the tollgate, took Barbara out carefully,

and gave her two cents, so she could come that way again some day.

It seemed as if a great deal had happened since she had seen the old toll keeper. He knew her at once and looked glad to see her. He asked her if she would not like to be clerk of the tollgate, and if she would not come to see him soon. He took the cent she gave him, but when he had done talking, he took another cent out of his own pocket and gave it to her as a present. Barbara went home both rich and happy. There was a great deal to tell her mother.

She spent many pleasant days that summer beyond the tollgate, and she thought everybody there tried to make her have a good time.

SARAH O. JEWETT (*Abridged*).

A penny saved is a penny earned.

One good turn deserves another.

Enough is as good as a feast.

A merry heart doeth good like medicine.

HOW MANY

How many seconds in a minute ?

Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour ?

Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day ?

Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week ?

Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month ?

Four, as the swift moon runn'th.

How many months in a year ?

Twelve the almanac makes clear.

How many years in an age ?

One hundred says the sage.

How many ages in time ?

No one knows the rhyme.

defend

worthily

boars

transparent

entertained

events

KING ALFRED

I

More than a thousand years ago, there was born in England a little prince named Alfred.

At that time, England was very different from the beautiful country of fields and gardens that we know to-day. It was covered with immense forests and swamps. Here and there the trees were cut away to make room for little towns; and there were only small patches of wheat fields and pastures. Each village was built behind a hedge to keep out the boars, wolves, and other animals that wandered through the forest.

Poor people lived in little huts of one or two rooms, with stone or earthen floors, with very few windows, and no glass in these. Instead of a chimney, they had only a hole in the roof, so the house was often full of smoke.

Even the king's palace was less splendid and less comfortable than most houses to-day.

Prince Alfred was the youngest of King Ethelwulf's four sons. He was very different from his brothers; while they were all for hunting, shooting, fishing, and other outdoor sports, he cared much more for reading.

In those days, there were very few books. People had not found out how to make paper or to print as books are printed now. They took sheepskins, dried and smoothed them, and cut them into square or oblong pieces. On these they wrote stories and other things that they wished to remember.

Nowadays books are printed by thousands, all just alike; but then only one book at a time could be made, because each had to be copied separately. Sometimes years were spent in writing one book. The letters were made most carefully, and the capitals were often colored with red, blue, and gold. Many pictures were also painted on the pages.

There is a story that one day as the queen was reading to her sons out of such a book, she said to them, "The boy who first reads this book shall have it for his own."

The older boys did not care to try, but Alfred would not rest until the book was his.

Twice when he was a little boy, Prince Alfred went to Rome. Even to-day when we have steamships and railroads, it is a long journey. Then when there were only sailing boats on the sea, and when the best way of traveling on land was by riding horseback, it must have been a wonderful adventure to travel so many hundred miles.

Alfred was only five years old when he went to Rome for the first time; two years later he went again with his father to see the greatest city in the world.

Many months were spent on the journey, because the king was splendidly entertained all along the way.



The Queen reading to her Sons.

II

At that time the Danes who lived across the North Sea were a great trouble to the English people. They came to England in sailing vessels. Everywhere they burned towns and killed people in order to rob them of their goods and money. When Alfred became king, they had been coming to England for almost a hundred years; the English never felt safe from them.

What was worse, they stayed longer and longer. At first they went away as soon as they had enough plunder; but afterward they grew so bold that they made camps and stayed on through the winter.

They came by thousands into southern England, where Alfred was king; he had to fight many battles with them to protect the homes of his people.

One of these battles was on a hill called Ashdown. On the top of this hill, the Danes threw up earth to make a kind of fort. The English

had to climb the steep slope, fighting all the way ; but in the end they drove out the Danes.

If you go near Ashdown to-day, you can see on the hillside, even when you are several miles away, the figure of an enormous white horse. The grass is cut away and the lines are marked by filling the holes with white chalk. It is believed all about the country that this horse was cut in the hillside by King Alfred's men. Their battle flag had on it a picture of a white horse, and perhaps they wished to show that they had planted their flag on the top of the hill.

Whenever grass begins to grow over the drawing of the horse, all the people in the valley get together and clear it away. This is called the "Scouring of the White Horse."

For a long time after the battle of Ashdown, the Danes won almost every battle. They chased King Alfred and his few men into a swamp in the southwestern corner of England. There the English lived in hiding many months.

At one time the king was alone, living with a poor cowherd on the island of Athelney. The people of the house did not know who he was. One day the woman was making bread. When the loaves were ready to bake, she raked the ashes away from the fire and set the loaves on the hot hearth. Then she told the king to watch them. But he was wondering how he could get an army to defend his kingdom, and forgot all about them. When she came back and found them burnt, she scolded Alfred, saying that though he could not watch the loaves, he would be ready enough to eat them.

Not very long after that, King Alfred had an army big enough to fight the Danes again. As he was anxious to find out how many men they had, he dressed himself like a minstrel, took a harp, and went into their camp. They little thought that the man who sat there all the evening singing songs was the English king. The next day he defeated them and made peace with

their leader. The Danes agreed to leave King Alfred's land alone.

III

Then the king had a chance to show what he could do for his people. He made good laws, so that one man might not steal from his neighbor or kill him without being punished. He built schools and invited teachers to come from far away.

He invited travelers to come to him and tell of the strange lands they had visited; sometimes he wrote down what they said so that it might not be forgotten. He had men write down in books year after year the important events that he thought ought to be remembered. Because he did this, we know what happened in England more than a thousand years ago.

It would take long to tell of the many things that King Alfred found time to do. He was always so busy that he thought it would be a good plan to divide his day into parts; then he could give so much time to work and so much to rest and

sleep. He had six candles made, each a foot long. Each candle was of such a size that it would burn away three inches in an hour and would last four hours. It took just twenty-four hours to burn the six, one after another. In this way by noticing which candle was burning and how far it was burned, people could tell what time it was, though not nearly so well as we can by our clocks, where the minutes and even seconds are marked.

King Alfred saw that when the wind blew, the candle burned fast and unevenly. To protect it, he made a little box of thin, transparent horn, such as was used in windows instead of glass in those days. Then he found that the candle could be carried about, even outdoors. While he was trying to make a clock, he had found out how to make a lantern also. Before that time, when people went out in the darkness, the only way they could see was by carrying pine torches or burning turf.

When King Alfred died, he said, "As long as I have lived, I have tried to live worthily." Be-

THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS OF THE SUN-KING 237

cause he did so much for the world people call him
“ Alfred the Great.”

concealed terrified ferryman prosperity

THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS OF THE SUN-KING

A king once went hunting and was lost in the forest. Toward evening he came to a charcoal burner's hut, and asked if he might spend the night there.

In the middle of the night, he saw three ladies dressed in white standing by the cradle in which lay the charcoal burner's baby.

One of them said, “Bad luck go with this child!”

The second said, “He may turn it to good.”

And the third, “He shall marry the king's daughter.”

The king was very angry at this, but he said nothing. The next day, when the charcoal burner had shown him the way to his city, he said, “Give

me your child. I will take him to court, where he shall make his fortune."

But instead of doing this, the king told a servant to put the boy into a basket and fling him into the river. The basket floated down the stream until a fisherman drew it ashore and took the child to his wife. The boy lived with them until he was twenty years old; they called him Nameless.

One day the king passed by and saw him, and said to the fisherman, "Is this handsome youth your son?"

"No," said the other, "I fished him out of the river twenty years ago."

The king was terrified to find that the charcoal burner's child was still alive, and said, "Let him take a letter from me to the queen."

In the letter he wrote, "Dear wife, have this youth put to death at once or he will bring harm to us all."

Nameless took the letter, but lost his way in the

forest. Presently he met a lady in white, who said to him, "Come and rest in my hut awhile. Then I will show you the way to the queen."

While the boy slept, she burned his letter and put in its place one that read, "Dear wife, let this youth marry our daughter at once, or great harm will come to us."

When Nameless reached the city, he was greatly surprised and pleased to find that he was to marry the princess. When the king came back, he found that the wedding was over, but he concealed his anger and said only, "You must prove yourself worthy to be my son-in-law. Go and get me three golden hairs from the head of the Sun-King; then shall you be king and rule with me." In this way he hoped to be rid of him.

Nameless set out very sorrowfully, for he and his young wife loved each other.

As he wandered, he came to a great black lake, on which a white boat floated. He called out, "Boat ahoy! Come and ferry me over."

The old ferryman said, "I will, but you must promise when you come back to tell me how to escape from this boat."

Nameless promised. Presently he came to a great city. There he met an old man who asked him, "Whither away?"

"To the Sun-King," said Nameless.

Then the old man led him before the king of that place, who said, "Twenty years ago there was a fountain in our city that made every one young who drank of it. Now it is dry, and only the Sun-King knows the reason. You must ask him why this is so."

Nameless promised and went on. He arrived presently at another city, where an old man asked him, "Whither away?"

"To the Sun-King."

Then this old man led him before the king, who said, "Twenty years ago stood a tree that bore golden apples. Whoever ate of them grew young and healthy and never died. But the tree has

ceased to bear fruit, and only the Sun-King knows why. You must ask him why this is so."

Nameless promised and went on. Soon he came to a great mountain, where he saw an old lady in white sitting in front of a beautiful house.

She asked him, "Whither away?"

"To the Sun-King."

"Come in," she said, "I am his mother. Every day he flies out of this house as a little child, at midday he becomes a man, and in the evening he returns a graybeard."

She made Nameless tell her all his story, and said she would ask her son the three questions.

"But now," she added, "you must hide; for if he finds you here, he will burn you up."

She hid him in a great vessel of water and bade him keep quiet.

In the evening, the Sun-King came home, a feeble old man. When he had eaten his supper he laid his head in his mother's lap and fell asleep. She began to comb his golden hair.

When she twitched out a hair, he said, "Mother, why won't you let me sleep?"

She answered, "I dreamed of a city in which the Tree of the Golden Apples bears no more fruit; and I am troubled because I cannot think what the people should do."

The Sun-King said, "They should kill the serpent that gnaws at the root of the tree."

Presently she twitched out another hair, and he said, "Mother, why can't you let me sleep?"

She answered, "I dreamed of a city in which the Fountain of Youth has run dry; and I am troubled because I cannot think what the people should do."

The Sun-King said, "They should kill the toad that blocks the source of the spring."

After a time she twitched out a third hair, and he said, "Mother, do let me sleep!"

She answered, "I dreamed of the old ferryman on the Black Lake; and I wonder how he can escape so that he can die and be at peace."



"Mother, do let me sleep."

The Sun-King said, "Let him hand the oars to another and jump ashore; the other must stop in his place."

Then she let him sleep.

Early the next morning he arose and flew away as a little child.

The white lady gave Nameless the three hairs and kissed him, saying, "Now I have done all that I promised. Go back to your wife and be happy."

When he came to the city of the Golden Tree, and to the city of the Fountain of Youth, he told the two kings what they should do, and received a rich reward. When he reached the Black Lake the ferryman rowed him over gladly for the news that he brought.

He arrived at home and gave the king the three golden hairs. The king was furious in his heart, but he said to himself, "I must go and drink of that wonderful spring and eat of those wonderful apples."

When he reached the Black Lake, the ferryman

handed him the oars and jumped out, so that the king had to stay in his place.

As he never came home again, Nameless and his beautiful wife ruled the land in peace and prosperity.

— *Gypsy Folk Tale (Adapted).*

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out ;

You stare

In the air

Like a ghost in a chair,

Always looking what I am about —

I hate to be watched ; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So deep

On a heap

Of clouds to sleep,

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,

Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high

In the sky,

With her one ghost eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain.

Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind he took to his revels once more;

On down,

In town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and holloood with whistle and roar —

"What's that?" the glimmering thread once
more!

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew;

But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain;

For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,

The broader he swelled his big cheeks and
blew.



Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,

And shone

On her throne

In the sky alone,

A matchless, wonderful silvery light,

Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.

“With my sledge

And my wedge,

I have knocked off her edge!

If only I blow right fierce and grim,

The creature will soon be dimmer than dim.”

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a
thread.

“One puff

More's enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the
thread.”

He blew a blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—

Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

Said the Wind, “What a marvel of power
am I!

With my breath,

Good faith!

I blew her to death—

First blew her away right out of the sky—

Then blew her in; what strength have I!”

But the Moon she knew nothing about the
affair;

For high

In the sky,

With her one white eye,

Motionless, miles above the air,

She had never heard the great Wind blare.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

| | | | |
|----------|--------|------------|-------------|
| crystal | lyre | ambrosia | haughty |
| amethyst | enamel | tantalized | hospitality |

Sound words from Sections 388, 389, 393.

THE FRIEND OF THE GODS

I

There was once a king in Greece named Tantalus who had everything the heart of man could desire. He was so rich that the very stones in his fields were of silver or of copper, and he had so much land that he did not know what to do with it all.

For a long time he ruled justly and was famous for his kindness to strangers. Travelers, rich or poor, were always welcome at his house; and when they had stayed as long as they would, he sent them away with splendid gifts.

After a while he became tired of living among other people in a city; and he built for himself a golden house on the top of a mountain. Miles away it shone like a star among the rocks.

It was the most beautiful palace in the world.

In its marble courts were fountains shaped like golden dragons, and rows of silver pillars made to look like trees with golden leaves and fruit of pearls and rubies. The ceiling of the great dining room was made of sky-colored enamel, and in it blazed a thousand lamps cut out of precious stones. The chairs were of ivory with cushions of gold and silk, and the dishes were of alabaster, crystal, and amethyst.

As the king sat wondering how he should find guests worthy of this palace, he overheard one of his men say, "This is a hall fit for the gods!"

Then the king arose and held his hand up toward the sky, saying, "Ye gods, I bid you all welcome to my house!"

At once there came a clap of thunder, the beat of hoofs in the courtyard, and the rattle of chariot wheels on the stones. The doors of the great hall blew open, and a light streamed through that dazzled and almost blinded Tantalus; he covered his face.

Then he heard the sound of trailing robes, of soft laughter, and of a sweet voice saying, "Fear not, Tantalus, to look upon your guests and make them welcome."

He looked up and saw a lady with wings that shimmered like a rainbow. He knew that she must be Iris, the messenger of the gods.

Then he stared in wonder at his table, for around it was a great company shining with more than mortal beauty. On his throne sat one who seemed like a king, and on the arm of the chair perched a splendid tawny eagle. Next to him sat a fair lady wearing a white veil embroidered with golden lilies. As she sat there, she stroked the shining neck of a peacock that stood with outspread tail by her chair. These were Jupiter, the king of the gods, and Juno, his queen.

All the way down the long table sat the others. There was Neptune, who had a gloomy face but kind blue eyes, and who wore no crown; instead he carried a scepter of rock crystal. Then came

golden-haired Apollo, who carried a bow and arrows and a golden lyre; Mercury, wearing the cap of darkness that made him invisible when he pleased; Minerva in her golden armor; Venus crowned with violets, the loveliest of all; and many another of unearthly beauty.

It was a wonderful feast. The servants of Tantalus waited upon the heavenly guests, and served them with the best that he had. The Nine Muses sang so sweetly that they held all the company spellbound.

At last the king of the gods said to Tantalus, "We thank you, friend, for your hospitality, and yet I wonder that you should let one thing be wanting at your feast — the dearest thing that you have in all the world."

At that moment a crimson curtain was pushed aside, and a little child, the king's only son, ran into the hall.

Tantalus sat frozen with fear; for he knew what Jupiter meant. Whenever a guest admired



The Feast of Tantalus.

a thing especially, it was the custom to give it to him as a gift.

The king looked on with terror when he saw the gods make much of his little son. Jupiter laid his hand tenderly on the child's curly head, and Juno kissed his forehead. Minerva lifted him to her shoulder that he might see her golden helmet, and laughed when he asked for one like it. Venus, the goddess of love, coaxed him into her lap, but he loved Neptune, the sea-god, better and fell asleep in his arms.

Then Tantalus made up his mind what he must do, and said, "My son is the dearest thing I have in the world; but as I must not send away my guests empty-handed, I give him to you."

Jupiter answered kindly, "No, my friend, we will not take him from you. Now we bid you farewell. A year from to-day we shall see both of you at our table as guests."

Then there came another dazzling flash of light and a peal of thunder; when Tantalus could see

again, the hall was empty. The little child lay asleep on an embroidered cushion. In one hand he held a rosebud from Venus, and in the other, a strange white sea flower that Neptune had given him.

II

The story of that wonderful feast spread far and wide through the land; and many men came to hear of it from the king's own lips. He was proud before, but now he was so haughty that poor common folk were afraid to come near him where he sat in his great hall to give judgment.

The one thing that troubled him was that he had no token from the gods to prove his story. Tell it as he would, he felt sure that some men believed that he had dreamed of this visit.

One night toward the close of the year, he sat wondering how he should convince some travelers who had come to him from a distant king. They had asked him for a sign to show that he had not been dreaming. He was afraid

that if he did not give it, he would become the laughing stock of the world.

While he sat thinking, he fell asleep. In a few moments, it seemed to him that he was awakened by the sound of music, talk, and laughter. He sat up, rubbing his eyes, for the gods were all with him just as they had sat a year ago that night.

He soon saw that he was not in his own hall. He was in a vast temple built of a strange gold as clear as glass; every pillar was a single precious stone, of emerald, ruby, or sapphire; all the air shone as with many-colored fire.

Then Tantalus knew that he must be in the hall of the gods. They welcomed him kindly, and across the table between the sea-god and the goddess of love he saw his little son.

The cupbearer poured out nectar for him. This is the drink of the gods, brewed with honey from the flowers of heaven and the juice of enchanted apples. All who taste it live in endless

youth and joy. As soon as Tantalus had touched this to his lips, he forgot all his troubles.

Then he noticed a strange thing. Although the table of the gods was loaded with all kinds of fruit, they ate nothing but small round honey-colored cakes. These cakes appeared as by magic. There were bees flying about the hall, and as soon as one alighted on a plate, it vanished and the golden cake appeared. This, the gods told him, was ambrosia, and as soon as he tasted it he should be immortal like themselves.

Tantalus took the piece that lay on his plate; it melted in his mouth like snow. He could not tell what the flavor of it was because he had never known anything like it on earth. It was so delicious that it seemed to him he would never want to eat anything else.

When the feast came to an end, Jupiter said to his guest, "Now, Tantalus, you gave the gods your best when they came to visit you, and you shall be their friend as long as you are worthy.

The gift you have in return for your hospitality is the greatest that can be given to man. From this time on you need not fear death. What more can the gods do to give you pleasure?"

"Great Jupiter," said Tantalus, "I can never thank you for the honor you have done me to-night. But since you bid me name my wish, it is that I might have some token by which men shall know that I speak truth when I say that I am the friend of the gods."

"Such a token," said Jupiter, "you shall have; but I warn you never to share it with others. If you do, your punishment will be great."

Then Tantalus fell asleep, and when he awakened the sunshine was streaming into his own hall. Feeling hungry, he stretched out his hand to a golden plate and cup that stood by his bed.

As soon as he had tasted the food, he knew it to be nectar and ambrosia that the gods had given him for a token to show men that he had not been dreaming. The greatest wonder was

that, as soon as he had drunk the nectar and eaten the ambrosia, the cup was full again and another cake lay on the plate.

Then Tantalus was happy for a time, because all who saw the marvel believed that he was indeed the friend of the gods. But he was sometimes troubled to think that he might not share these precious gifts. It was not that he was generous; he thought that if he could make men live forever, they would worship him as a god.

One day when he was giving a great feast, he thought about this until the temptation became too strong. He commanded the tables to be laid; then he himself went from place to place, putting on each plate a cake of ambrosia and filling every cup with nectar.

When the guests sat staring at the strange food before them, he called out in a loud voice, "This is the food of the gods that I have set before my guests, that they may eat and drink and live forever and give thanks to Tantalus."

At this they raised a shout of joy, but before they could taste the feast the light of noonday had become thick darkness, an icy wind blew upon them, and the earth rumbled and shook.

They ran out of the palace and down the mountain. When the darkness lifted, they saw that the mountain crest was bare. The golden house and the proud king had been swallowed up by the earth, and there was a great chasm of rock in the place where they had been.

For ages after, the Greeks believed that Tantalus went on living in the underworld. The gods could not take back their gift of immortality; but they punished him by making him sit forever at a table with nectar and ambrosia before him. Whenever he lifted the cup to his lips, it became empty; and as soon as he took the ambrosia in his hand, it vanished.

Now when any one is tormented by almost getting a thing he wishes very much and then failing, we say that he is *tantalized*. — *Greek Myth.*

THE LEAFY SPRING

I love the pleasant spring,
When buds begin to push,
And flowers their nosegays bring
To hang on every bush,
Till stores of May, with snowy bloom,
Fill the young hedgerows with perfume.

Above the garden beds,
Watched well by lady's eye,
Snowdrops with milky heads
Peep to the softening sky,
And welcome crocuses shoot up,
With gilded spike and golden cup.

Oh, I some meadows know
Beside our good old town,
Where millions of them grow,
Just like a purple down!
They come, — but why, there's none can tell,
Only we love to see them well.

On pastures wide and green,
Upon a thousand stems,
Fit for a fairy queen
To wear for precious gems,
Young cowslips smile at earth and sky,
With sweetest breath and golden eye.

And where the banks are wet
With drops of morning dew,
The gentle violet
Steals out, in hood of blue,
And primroses in clusters rise,
Like pretty, pale-faced families.

I love the pleasant spring,
Those days of warmth and light,
When every leafy thing
Comes peeping into sight;
It makes me feel, — I cannot tell
How brisk and happy, kind and well.

— JANE TAYLOR.

| | | |
|--------|---------|-----------|
| brutal | climate | ancestors |
| erect | active | volcano |

Sound words from Section 349.

THE LAND OF READY-MADE

The people called Do-as-you-likes once lived in the country of Hardwork ; but they went away to live in the land of Ready-made at the foot of the Happy-go-lucky Mountains.

There they lived in beautiful caves and bathed in the warm springs three times a day. It was so warm that they did not have to think about clothes, though sometimes, when they were not too lazy, the ladies gathered gossamer for winter dresses.

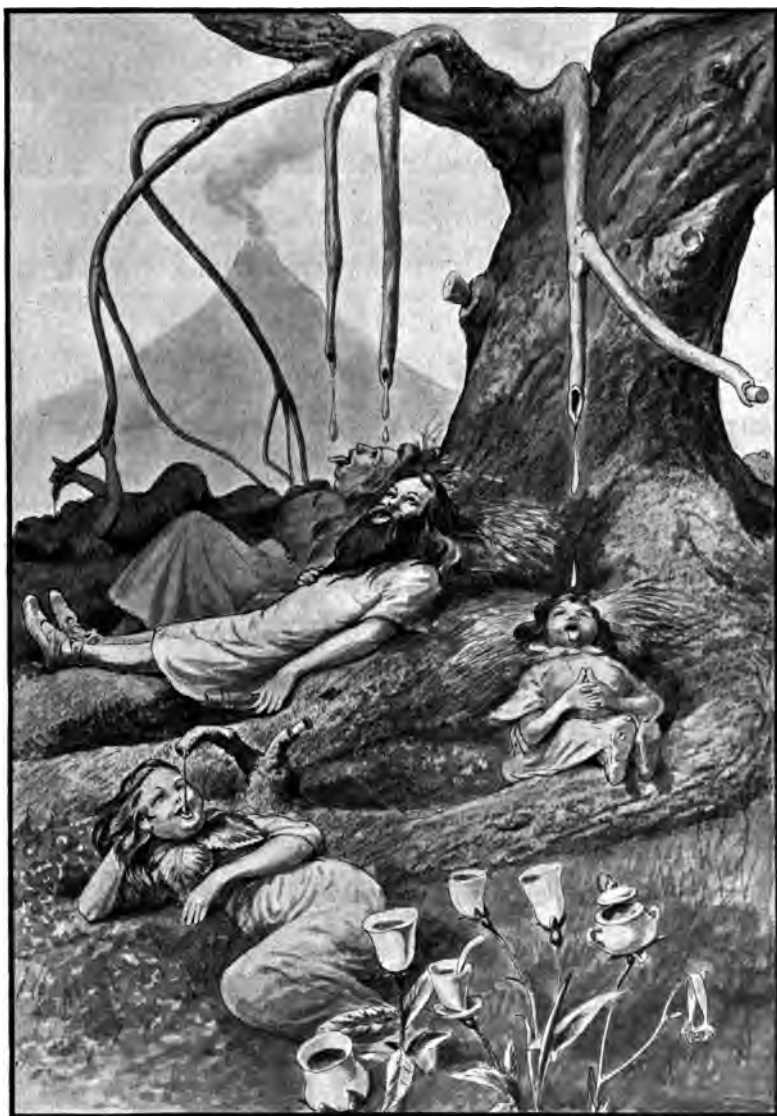
They were very fond of music, but it was too much trouble to learn to play the piano or the violin. So they sat on ant-hills all day long and played on the jew's-harp. If the ants bit them, they got up and went to the next ant-hill till they were bitten there.

They sat under the flapdoodle trees, and let

the flapdoodle drop into their mouths ; and under the vines, and squeezed the grape juice down their throats. If any little pigs ran about ready roasted, crying, "Come and eat me," as was their fashion in that country, they waited till the pigs ran against their mouths, and then took a bite and were content. There never were such comfortable, easy-going, happy-go-lucky people in the world.

They lived in this way for five hundred years. In all this time they never noticed that one of the mountains near them was a volcano. One day the volcano blew up like a barrel of gunpowder, and then boiled over like a kettle. Some of the Do-as-you-likes were blown into the air ; some of them were smothered with ashes. Only a few were left.

Those that were left were too lazy to move away from the mountain ; they went on living as before. No, not just as they lived before, for all the flapdoodle trees were killed by the volcano, and they



In the Land of Ready-made.

had eaten all the roast pigs, who, of course, could not be expected to have any little ones.

Some of them talked of sowing corn as their ancestors used to do before they came into the land of Ready-made; but they had forgotten how to make plows, and had eaten all the seed corn which had been brought out of the land of Hardwork. So they lived miserably on roots and nuts, and all the weakly little children died.

Another five hundred years passed away. Very few of the Do-as-you-likes were left. They were all living in trees and making nests to keep off the rain. Under the trees lions were prowling about. They had eaten all but those who were strongest and most active in climbing the trees.

When another five hundred years had gone by, they were fewer and fiercer. Their feet had changed shape so that they could cling to the branches with their toes. Their backs had become bent so that they could not stand erect, and one had become hairy all over.

After another five hundred years, all that were left were hairy. The climate had grown so damp that none but the hairy ones could keep warm and live. They had grown very stupid, and had almost forgotten how to think.

They were fierce, too, and brutal, and kept away from each other, moping and sulking in the dark forests until they forgot what the sound of speech was like. Each stupid child knew fewer words than its stupid parents, until in the end they knew none at all.

At last they were all dead and gone except one tremendous old fellow, seven feet tall. One day he met a hunter in the woods. He tried to say, "I am a man," but he had forgotten how to say the words. All he could do was to roar "Ubboboo!" and thump his breast. The hunter thought he was just an ape, and killed him.

And that was the end of the great and jolly nation of the Do-as-you-likes.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Adapted*).

THE OWL AND HIS SCHOOL

An owl named Old Wisdom kept a school. All the birds and beasts, and even the flowers, went to him to take lessons. After some time he wished to know what progress his pupils had made in their studies. So he gave them a number of questions to answer.

The first was, "Why does the moon shine in the sky?"

The nightingale said, "That I may sing all night in her pleasant light to my bride, the rose."

The lilies said, "That we may open our petals, and enjoy her loving and refreshing beams."

The hare said, "That there may be enough dew in the morning for me to lap."

The dog said, "That I may find any thieves prowling round my master's house."

The glowworm said, "That she may throw me into the shade, for she envies my light."

The fox said, "That I may see my way to the poultry yard."

“Enough!” said Old Wisdom. “But one moon shines in the sky, yet how each uses it to serve his own purpose!”

— *Indian Fable.*

| | | | |
|--------|-----------|-------------|----------|
| Hugh | Saracen | leopard | Bordeaux |
| Oberon | courtiers | Charlemagne | divan |

Sound words from Sections 345, 371, 379, 396.

THE MAGIC HORN

In the days of Charlemagne, more than a thousand years ago, there was a boy in France named Hugh of Bordeaux.

Once as he and his brother were riding to the court, they were set upon in the forest by a band of wicked men. His brother was killed, but Hugh struck down the leader of his enemies and escaped. He did not know that the man he killed was the emperor's oldest son.

When he arrived at court, the emperor would not pardon him until he had done three things that seemed impossible. He was to go to the city

of Bagdad, many weeks' journey across sea and land; there he was to cut off the head of the Great Bashaw of the East, to kiss the hand of the sultan's daughter, and bring back to Charlemagne a lock of the sultan's hair.

Hugh knew that he must obey, so he mounted his horse and rode away until he came to the sea. There he found a ship and sailed for many weeks across the ocean.

When he came to land, he entered a thick forest in which he wandered for a long time without finding any way out.

At last he lay down under a great oak tree to rest. All at once he saw before him the wide-open golden gates of a castle. Before he could move, there appeared a chariot of silver drawn by leopards; in the chariot sat Oberon, King of the Fairies.

Hugh was so frightened by Oberon's dazzling appearance that he turned to run away. But at that very moment he heard the sweet notes of a

horn. He could not keep from dancing. Faster and faster went the music, and Hugh danced until he had no more breath.

Then Oberon stopped playing and laughed; and Hugh fell to the ground exhausted. The Fairy King stooped over him, and held to his mouth the larger end of the horn. "Drink," he said, "and you will be refreshed."

Hugh was a little afraid that there might be poison in the horn; but instead there was a strange, delicious drink that took away hunger and thirst and made him forget how tired he was.

"Hugh," said the Fairy King, "I know why you have come to this country. And because you were not afraid to drink of the magic horn, it shall be yours. Who knows? It may help you to do what seems impossible. Two of its powers you have just learned. The third is that if you are in great need and blow a loud blast, I myself will come to your help."

"But," he added, "there is another thing.

The horn will serve you only as long as you are good and true and faithful. If, in kindness, you offer drink from it to any man who is wicked of heart, the liquid will dry away and the horn will scorch his lips so that he will roar with pain. Remember what I say, and you will prosper."

Then Oberon went back into his silver chariot, the golden gates of the castle faded away, and Hugh slept under the tree. There he dreamed of a fair princess. He wondered if she were the sultan's daughter, and whether he would ever find her.

The next day he awoke, feeling fresh and gay. After a drink from his magic horn, which served him better than any breakfast, he made his way out of the forest.

It was a long and terrible journey that lay before him. When he came out of the forest, he had to cross burning sands, where he would have died of hunger and thirst but for his horn.

After a time he came to another forest, where he

saw a Saracen lying almost in the jaws of a lion. Hugh drew his sword and slew the beast. Seeing the man faint with wounds and fear, he offered him the magic horn. But the moment it touched the Saracen's lips, it gave a great sizzle, and burned him so that he flung it to the ground. By this Hugh knew that he was a wicked man.

Then, as his own horse had been killed by the lion, the Saracen seized Hugh's and rode away as fast as he could, while Hugh continued his way slowly on foot. At last he came to the city of Bagdad.

Here all the streets were crowded with people, and all the inns were full, so that he could find no place to stop for the night. Presently, seeing an old woman sitting before the door of a little house, he asked her what was going on.

"You are a stranger," she said, "or you would know that to-morrow our beautiful princess Esclarmonde is to marry the Great Bashaw of the East."

Then Hugh's heart beat fast, for he felt that he

must take his chance soon, or lose the princess forever.

He said, "Will you give me a night's lodging, mother?"

"Gladly," said the old woman. "But tell me, are you not a knight from the West come to save our princess? My daughter, who is one of her maids, told me that she has dreamed of a fair-haired bridegroom from the West. She lives in the hope that he will come to save her from the Bashaw, whom she hates."

"I will do what I can," said Hugh.

The next morning he found by his bedside a suit of clothes such as the Saracens wear. He did not know whether Oberon or the old woman had left them there; but he put them on, and, armed only with his long sword, went among the crowd to the great hall of the sultan's palace.

Presently the bride came in, glittering with jewels. She looked all about the room as if she were expecting some one.



The Princess looking for Hugh.

When the bridegroom entered, Hugh saw that he was the very Saracen who had stolen his horse. He was so angry to think that this wicked man whom he had saved from the lion should marry the princess that, without thinking twice, he drew his sword and cut off the Saracen's head.

There was a great outcry and jostling in the crowd, and Hugh's turban was knocked to the ground.

When Esclarmonde saw his fair hair and blue eyes, she clapped her hands softly and said to her maid, "This is the young knight that slept at your mother's house, as she told us. He has come to save me."

The sultan was furious at the slaying of his daughter's bridegroom; he told his soldiers to seize Hugh and take him to prison. As they drew near to lay hands upon him, Hugh began to blow his horn softly, and at once all the court began to dance. The sultan seized his grand vizier, and every man and woman in the hall began to prance

and caper and whirl, faster and faster, as the music went on.

Still blowing his horn, Hugh drew near to the princess, who was dancing quietly by herself. Without a word on either side, he stopped his playing and kissed her hand.

It was high time that he should stop. The sultan fell gasping on a divan, and all the courtiers were so tired that they dropped where they were when the music ceased.

Then Hugh remembered the third thing that he must do. He bowed before the panting sultan and said:

“May it please your Highness to give me a lock of your hair as a present to my emperor in the West?”

“What?” roared the sultan. “Seize him, guards! Off with his head!”

The princess screamed as the guards caught Hugh by the shoulders, and one of them drew a flashing sword.

But Hugh wrenched himself free and blew a long blast on his horn. There came a flash of lightning and a roll of thunder. A silver chariot drawn by leopards stood at the palace door.

When Hugh and Esclarmonde were seated in the chariot, Oberon followed them and put a jeweled casket into Hugh's hand.

"Here," said he, "is the lock of hair. The sultan could not refuse me."

With that he jumped in, and the chariot rolled away with the sound of thunder; it never stopped till it reached the gate of Charlemagne's palace.

FAIRIES

With the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day
As we dance the dew doth fall—
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two and three by three.

—JOHN LYLY.

SUMMER DAYS

Winter is cold-hearted ;
 Spring is yea and nay ;
Autumn is a weathercock,
 Blown every way :
Summer days for me,
When every leaf is on its tree,

When Robin's not a beggar,
 And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang, singing, singing, singing,
 Over the wheat fields wide,
 And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
 Swings from side to side.

And blue-black beetles transact business,
 And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
 That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town —
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone everywhere.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

A VISIT TO GIANT LAND

One day Thor, the Thunder God, said to Loki the Cunning, "Come, Loki, shall we have an adventure? Let us go to Giant Land and see what it is like."

On the way, they stopped to pick up Thialfi, who was the swiftest runner in all the world; and away they went to the East. Thialfi carried Thor's wallet, which contained their food.

They crossed the sea, and tramped through a great forest until it was night. While they were looking about for a safe place to sleep, they came

to a big, queer-looking house. One side of it was all door, and inside there were two rooms, one very big and of no particular shape, and the other long and narrow. There was no window and no fireplace in either room; the walls and floor were made of a stiff substance that smelled like leather.

During the night, they were disturbed by a terrific noise that shook the house so that they could not rest. In the morning when they went out, they saw a large giant lying asleep; the noise that had frightened them was his snoring.

Just as Thor was wondering whether he should hurl his hammer at the giant's head, the giant opened his eyes and looked at him pleasantly.

"Who are you?" said Thor.

"My name is Skrymir," said the giant. "And you are Thor of Asgard. But where is my glove?"

He stooped and picked up the house in which Thor and his companions had passed the night.

“Well,” said Skrymir, “shall we go on together?”

After they had breakfast, the giant offered to carry Thor’s provisions in his own wallet.

All day long they tramped. In the evening they sat down under an oak tree.

The giant said, “I shall go to sleep at once; but you will want your supper. Here is my wallet. Open it for yourselves.”

While he lay snoring on the grass, Thor tried to untie the knots of the wallet; but the longer he worked, the tighter they became. At last he grew furious that Loki and Thialfi should see him fail. He seized his hammer and struck Skrymir a terrific blow on the head that would have shattered a mountain.

The giant opened his eyes, “Hm, was that a leaf that fell on my forehead? Have you had your supper?”

Loki chuckled, and Thor became very angry. As soon as he believed the giant to be asleep

again, he gave him another mighty blow with the hammer.


The giant started up, crying, "What was that? An acorn?"

Toward morning when Skrymir was snoring as before, Thor arose and struck his head with the hammer with all his might.

The giant raised himself on his elbow and looked up into the tree, "I think there must be birds up there. A feather dropped on my head just now."

Presently they were all on their way again, and the giant said, "Keep to the east if you want to reach the land of the giants. But if you will take my advice, you will go home as fast as you can run. Farewell, my path lies yonder."

The three travelers walked on until they came to a barred gate. It was locked, and no one stood on guard. Thor tried to lift it from its hinges; but he soon saw that the only way to get in was to wriggle between the bars. This they did, and



found themselves in an enormous hall full of giants.

Thor went up to the king, who was sitting on his throne, and greeted him with pleasant words.

The giant looked at him crossly and said, "What? Are you Thor of Asgard, you little fellow? You must think you have something wonderful to show us if you came all this way! Come, now, what can each of you do?"

"Do?" said Loki. "I can eat faster than anybody else." The truth was, Loki was hungry.

"We shall see," said the giant king. He ordered a trough of meat to be set on the floor, placed Loki at one end of it, and one of his own men at the other.

They met exactly in the middle of the trough; the difference between them was that Loki had eaten only the meat, while the giant had eaten the bones and trough and all.

Then the giant king turned to Thialfi and said, "What can you do?"



The Giant ate both Meat and Trough.

“I am the swiftest runner in the world,” said Thialfi proudly.

The giant smiled. “We shall see. One of my men shall run against you.”

Three times they ran along the course; but the utmost Thialfi could do took him only halfway before the giant reached the goal.

Then the king asked Thor, “What can you do?”

“I can drink more mead than any of you,” boasted Thor.

“Good,” said the giant. “I will send for my big horn. If any one empties this at a draft, we call him a famous drinker; but the worst of my men can empty it in three.”

Thor was thirsty, and he took three mighty pulls from the great horn. After the first drink the horn was still brimming; after the second, it could be carried without spilling; after the third, there was still much mead left.

“I don’t think much of your drinking,” said the giant. “I wonder how strong you are? Our

children have a game which they call lifting the cat. Suppose you try."

There stalked into the hall a monstrous gray cat with fiery eyes. Thor put his arms around the animal and tugged hard; but the more he pulled, the more the cat arched its back. He barely managed to lift one of its huge feet.

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant. "Who will wrestle with Thor, who can't even lift a cat? Let one of the old women come in."

He sent for his foster mother, saying that she had thrown many a bigger man than these guests of his.

Thor was unwilling to wrestle with a woman, but she rushed on him so fiercely that he was forced to grapple with her. For a long time they swayed back and forth, and neither won; but in the end she forced him to his knee.

"That will do," said the giant king. "Thor is beaten. To-night you shall be my guests, and in the morning I will set you on your way to Asgard."

Thor and Loki and Thialfi went to bed, greatly ashamed and unhappy because they had come off so badly. In the morning, the giant gave them a good breakfast. Then he went with them as far as the city gate.

As they were about to part, he said, "Tell me now, Thor, what do you think of yourself?"

"I am ashamed," said Thor. "I shall be a joke among your people forever!"

"Not so," said the giant kindly, pleased that Thor should speak so humbly. "You very nearly brought me and my land to destruction. Only by magic was I able to overcome you. The giant Skrymir whom you met in the forest was myself.

"By magic, I sealed up the wallet of food, so that it could not be untied. Each time when you struck me with your hammer, I slipped a great rock in the place where my head had been. You should see the dents in the rock.

"When you came to the city, it was magic again *that* undid you. The giant that ate more than

Loki was Fire; he that out-raced Thialfi was Thought. What in the world has such swift wings as Thought?

“When you drank from the horn, one end of it was in the sea. You have lowered the tides on the shore. The cat that you almost lifted was the great beast that holds the world in its place. We were all shaking for our lives when you lifted one of its feet.

“The old woman with whom you wrestled was Old Age. Who is not conquered by her in the end? Now we must part; and since you know that I can always protect my people by magic, never come here again.”

Angry at being cheated, Thor raised his hammer for one last mighty blow, but at that very moment the giant and the city faded away from his sight. The giant had kept his best trick till the last.

The two gods returned to Asgard not at all inclined to boast of this adventure.

THE KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA

Long ago in old Japan there lived a young fisherman called Urashima Taro, who was so kind-hearted that he had never hurt anything in all his life.

One soft summer twilight, he came upon a group of children all screaming and talking at the tops of their voices. They had caught a tortoise and were tormenting it.

When Urashima found they would not stop for his talking, he bought the tortoise from them and threw it back into the sea.

The next morning, when he was out in his boat and had thrown in his line, he did not notice that he had drifted away from the other boats. Somehow he felt unusually happy in the tender haze of the summer morning. He remembered the tortoise he had saved the night before, and he wished he might live on for thousands of years as tortoises are said to do.

Suddenly he heard his name called, "Urashima,

Urashima!" The sound floated clear as a bell and soft as the summer wind over the sea.

He stood up and looked in every direction; but there was no boat in sight. Then he looked down and saw a tortoise.

"Was it you who called me, Mr. Tortoise?" he asked.

The tortoise nodded its head several times. "Yes, it was I. Yesterday you saved the life of a tortoise and I have come to thank you for doing so."

"Indeed," said Urashima. "That is polite of you. Come up into the boat."

The tortoise climbed up to sun his back in the way tortoises love to do. Presently he asked, "Have you ever seen the palace of the Dragon King of the sea, Urashima?"

"No," said the fisherman. "Is it far away?"

"Well, if you would like to go," said the tortoise, "it is quite easy. You have only to get on my back, and I will take you there."

“That is strange,” said Urashima. “However, with your kind permission, I will go.”

As soon as the fisherman had mounted, the tortoise leaped into the sea and began to go down, down through the waves. Curiously enough, Urashima did not notice that he was in the water, or even that his clothes were wet.

After a long time he saw in the distance a magnificent gateway and the roof of a glittering palace.

The gatekeeper, who was a fish, did not stop him. A great band of other fishes came from all parts, and politely welcomed the stranger.

At the door of the palace a beautiful princess came forth to meet him. She was dressed in a robe of soft red and green like the under side of a wave, with gilt threads glimmering in the folds. Her lovely black hair streamed about her, and when she spoke, her voice was like music over the water. She took him by the hand and led him to the seat of honor in a beautiful hall.

"Urashima," she said, "I was the tortoise whose life you saved, and I have brought you here to thank you. This is the land of eternal youth; if you wish, you may dwell with me forever, and I will be your bride."

As he listened to her sweet words and gazed upon her lovely face, he forgot his old home in Japan. He felt as if he were in a dream, and his heart was full of wonder and joy, as he told her there was nothing he could desire more.

Then a train of fishes came in, splendidly dressed. They carried coral trays with strange foods such as you could never imagine.

The wedding was celebrated with dazzling splendor, and there was great rejoicing throughout the realm of the sea king.

As soon as Urashima and the princess had pledged each other with the wedding cup, music was played, songs were sung, and fishes with silver scales and golden tails came in from the waves and danced.

When the feast was over, the princess showed the happy fisherman the wonders of that enchanted land.

The palace was built of coral and set with pearls. But to Urashima the most marvelous thing was the garden of the Four Seasons.

He looked to the east and saw pink avenues of plum and cherry trees in full blossom, with nightingales singing and butterflies flitting from flower to flower.

He looked to the south and saw trees green in the fullness of summer, with crickets and locusts chirping among them.

He looked to the west and saw the maples blazing like a sunset sky and chrysanthemums in blossom.

He looked to the north and saw the ground, the bamboos, and the trees silvery with snow, and the ponds thick with ice.

Three days passed, each bringing new wonders and new joys; but at the end of the third day,

he remembered his old father and mother at home.

He went to his beautiful princess, and bowing low before her, said, "I have been happier here with you than words can tell, but my parents will be anxious about me. I must go back and at least let them know that all is well with me."

The princess wept and said softly, "Will you leave me so soon? Stay one more day with me."

But now that he remembered his duty, he said only, "It is not that I wish to leave you. Let me go back for a day to tell them how it is, and I will return."

"So be it," said the princess, sorrowfully. "But first I will give you one gift. Take this lacquer box with you and keep it carefully, for it is very precious. If you open it while you are away, something dreadful will happen to you!"

Then he bade farewell to her and went to the gate of the palace, where he found a tortoise waiting for him.

He mounted and was carried swiftly across the shining sea to Japan. When he could no longer see the glittering roofs of the sea king's palace, he turned the other way and saw the blue hills of his native land rising before him.

As he stood on the shore, he was amazed to find that he knew none of the faces of the people who passed by. He ran to his old home, but the house looked different.

"Father, I have returned," he was about to call, when a strange man came out.

Urashima began to feel anxious.

"Excuse me," he said to the man, who was staring at him. "I lived here until a few days ago. Can you tell me where my parents have gone? My name is Urashima Taro."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man. "I have heard of Urashima Taro, but he was drowned in the sea three hundred years ago."

"But I am not drowned, and I am not three hundred years old," said the fisherman.

"Then you must be a ghost," said the man.

"Why do you mock me?" said the fisherman, stamping on the ground, first with one foot, then with the other, to show that he was very much alive.

"You can read all about it in an old book in the village," insisted the man.

Then Urashima had a terrible feeling that perhaps the man's words were true. Certainly everything in the village looked strange. It was of no use to stay there longer. He would go back to his beautiful princess under the sea.

He walked toward the beach, wondering how he should find his way back. Then he remembered the precious box his wife had given him, and he wondered if it would help him in his trouble. He knew that it was wrong to disobey her and break his promise, but he could not think of anything else to do.

Slowly, very slowly, he untied the red silk cord that fastened it together, and very slowly he lifted

the lid of the box. There was nothing in it but a beautiful purple cloud that arose in three little puffs, covered his face for a moment, and then floated away.

As he watched it, he felt himself shivering and growing weak. He could no longer stand up straight, his hair turned snow white, and in a twinkling he fell lifeless on the beach.

If he had not opened the little box, I am sure he would have found the tortoise on the sands ready to carry him back to the pearl and coral palace of his beautiful princess under the sea.

—YEI THEODORA OZAKI (*Adapted*).

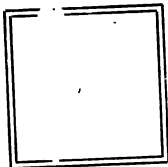


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